HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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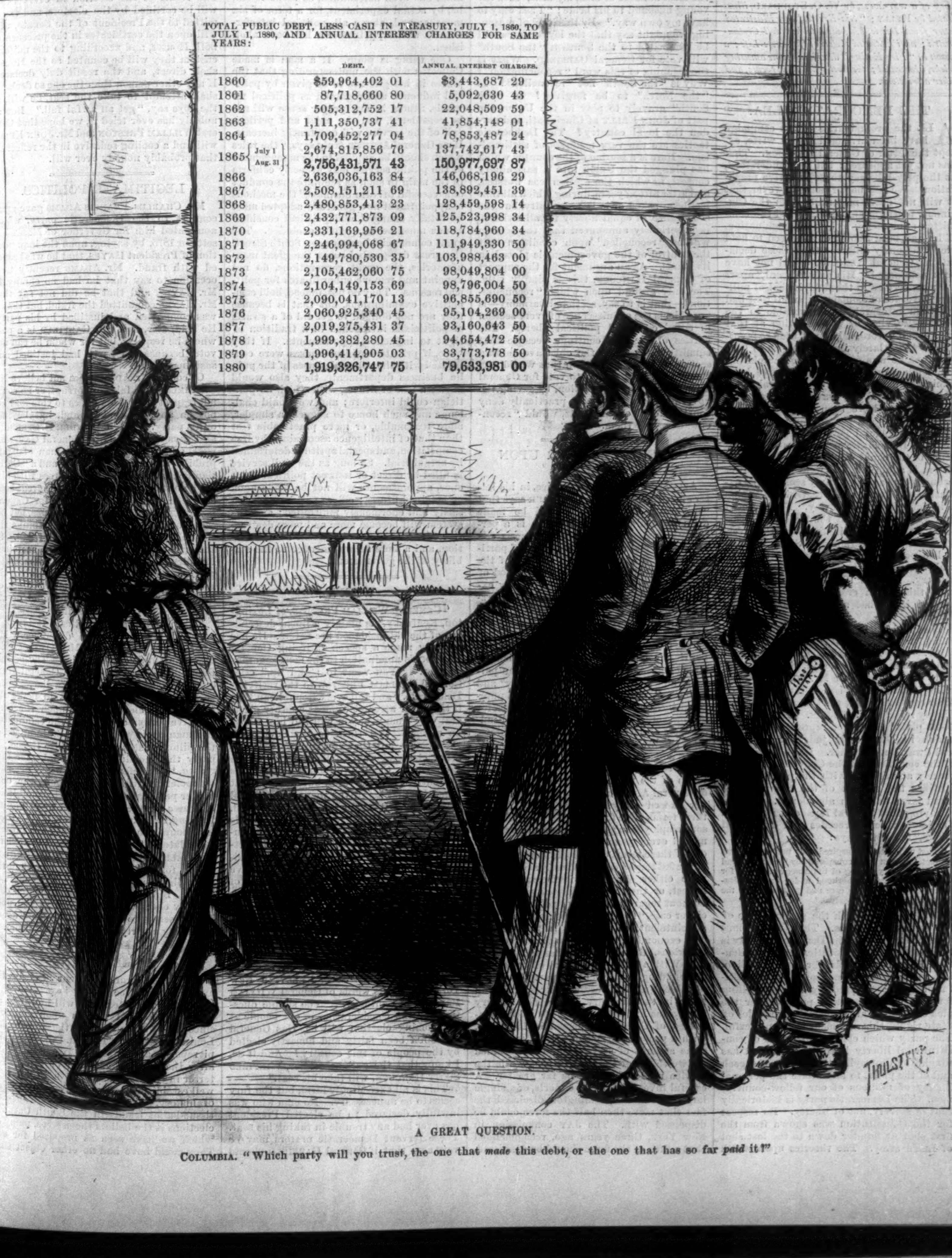


A GREAT QUESTION.

COLUMBIA. "Which party will you trust, the one that *made* this debt, or the one that has so far *paid* it?"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1880.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *No. 39, issued July 27, contains a story of the "Free Swimming Baths," with a full-page illustration; the description of a "Tea Plantation" in Java, as given by "The Boy Travellers in the Far East," fully illustrated; Chapter Nine of "The Moral Pirates," in which the pirates narrowly escape arrest, illustrated; "Poor Ben," one of* SIDNEY DAYRE'S *inimitable stories; Chapter Three of* LOSSING'S *"Story of the American Navy," full of daring adventure, illustrated; "The Story of the Daisies," who went to town, and what they did there, by* MARGARET EYTINGE; *"Old Hannibal," or the story of a war-horse, by* W. O. STODDARD, *illustrated by* KELLY; *"Sea-Breezes," an illustrated letter from Bessie Maynard to her doll Clytemnestra; an illustrated sketch of Japanese Life; a lesson in "Fire-Eating," describing some amusing tricks, illustrated; the Post-office Box, poems, and other attractions.*

THE DEMOCRATIC PLEA.

ALL the preliminaries of the campaign have been arranged as we write, except the letter of General HANCOCK. That has not yet appeared; but it is understood, as the play-bills say, to be in active preparation. We may be very sure, however, that it will not differ materially from the Cincinnati platform and the letter of the committee announcing to him the nomination. If he had been known or supposed to hold views seriously different from those declarations, General HANCOCK would not have been nominated. His only "record," apart from his service in the field, is that of military Governor of Louisiana; and if that had not been interpreted as favorable to the Democratic view of the situation at that time—if, in a word, it had not been so favorable to those lately in rebellion as to suggest that he was even then contemplating the nomination—he would not have been nominated now. As a Union general merely, however loyal and brave and successful, he would not have been selected or supported. We have looked carefully to see upon what general policy or leading question the Democratic party asks the confidence of the country. The presumption, of course, is against it. It went out of power twenty years ago as a party seeking the extension of slavery, and threatening disunion if it could not have its way. For the next four years, actively at the South, and passively at the North, it aimed at the overthrow of the government. Since the war it has perplexed and obstructed the general plan of reconstruction approved by the country. This is its general history, and it is this which creates the presumption against it. What argument does it now offer?

The Cincinnati platform declared that the "fraud issue" "precedes and dwarfs every other." The New York *Sun*, while the Convention was in session, said, "If the Democrats do not nominate Mr. TILDEN, they do relinquish the fraud issue—the strength of their canvass." But the Convention immediately rejected Mr. TILDEN. General HANCOCK plainly does not represent the issue which in Democratic judgment precedes and dwarfs every other. Indeed, the letter of the committee of the Convention is ludicrously at variance with the platform, and justifies the remark of the *Sun* that the fraud issue has been abandoned. Instead of saying that General HANCOCK represents the issue which "precedes and dwarfs all others," the letter says:

> "That which chiefly inspired your nomination was the fact that you have conspicuously recognized and exemplified the yearning of the American people for reconciliation and brotherhood under the Constitution, with all its jealous care and guarantees for the rights of persons and of States."

This is in accord with the general tone of the Democratic press. Thus the serious pleas are two: that the Democratic party is the party of the Constitution, and that General HANCOCK stands for reconciliation. But as the armed overthrow of the Constitution was attempted by the controlling force of the Democratic party, under the plea of traditional Democratic principles of State rights, this argument is not powerful. The party which claims to be that of constitutional liberty is the party which has sought, by destroying the liberty of speech and of the press, to annihilate the personal liberty of millions of our fellow-countrymen. The Democratic party is historically that of slavery, not of liberty. Its respect for the Constitution was shown from the first shot at Sumter down to the last shot of LEE'S army. The theories upon which those Democratic shots were fired were urged by Democrats in the extra session as a plea for starving the government. It is surely not this party, but the one which was formed to protect liberty assailed by Democrats, which was loyal to the Constitution, and which saved the Union from Democratic arms, which, as against the Democratic party, is the party of liberty, of the Union, and of the Constitution.

And how does General HANCOCK, as a Democratic candidate, represent "reconciliation"? Because, we are told, although a Union soldier, "the South" is willing to support him, while, if he should be defeated, reconciliation would be postponed. But General HANCOCK is no more a Union soldier than General GARFIELD, and if reconciliation is to be postponed should General GARFIELD be elected, the argument amounts only to saying that if "the South" can dictate the President, it will be "reconciled." This argument disposes of itself. "I am the most amiable of men, my dear," said the young husband to his bride; "I ask only to have my own way." By this kind of reasoning we might say that the loyal States will be reconciled to the South if "the South" will vote for General GARFIELD. What is the meaning of this word "reconciliation"? Why is "the South" not "reconciled"? Is "the North" to be forgiven? Is "the South" gravely to play in the Union the part of JOHN KELLY at Cincinnati, and pardon the loyal country? The Democratic tactics are the very madness of sectionalism. Here is a section of the country which has plunged the Union into a sanguinary contest, in which the section was worsted, and after fifteen years, during which all that has been asked of it is no penalty, but the acceptance of equal liberty for all citizens, it is seriously announced that the section will be "reconciled" upon condition that the control of the government is placed in its hands. As an argument for the support of General HANCOCK, this is simply silly. The only ground upon which "reconciliation"—that is to say, sectional harmony—is possible, is the acquiescence of every section in equal civil and political liberty. The parties of the war continue because that equality is denied in the old slave-holding section, and the last reason that would persuade a loyal American to vote for General HANCOCK is that his election, by giving the government to those who practically deny constitutional equal rights, would "reconcile" or pacify them.

GENERAL ARTHUR UPON REFORM.

ALLUDING to the civil service, in his letter of acceptance, General ARTHUR says that "original appointments should be made upon ascertained fitness." That is a perfectly sound proposition. But fitness can not be ascertained under a system of partisan political appointment. Reform of the civil service, therefore, means a method of ascertaining fitness which will wholly exclude political favoritism. Under the system of political appointments known as the spoils system, which has prevailed since JACKSON'S time, fitness has been determined by the recommendation of politicians and of political committees and rings and bosses, and the grounds of decision have been personal and party "work" and "fidelity" and "service." The consequence is that a purely business office, like that of the Collector of New York, for instance, has been the headquarters of party management in the State, and, whatever the pretense, appointments and removals have not been made for fitness, but for wholly illegitimate reasons. The terms of the three immediate predecessors of General ARTHUR in the Collectorship did not exceed six years altogether. During these terms more than one-fourth of the persons employed in the Custom-house were removed every year. In the three years of one of these terms, 830 officers were removed of the 903 employed. Evidently such officers were either singularly inefficient or dishonest, or they were arbitrarily dismissed without regard to honesty or efficiency. In either case, "fitness" had nothing to do with appointment, or unfitness with removal. The economical result of such a system is notorious. General BUTLER has partly stated it: "With a swarm of hungry office-seekers surrounding the executive party, it is impossible to abolish needless offices, or to stop leaks in the Treasury from which hungry politicians are fed." The joint select committee of Congress reported in 1867 that, with a proper method of appointment, the same amount of service could be obtained at two-thirds of the present cost, while the service rendered would be far greater. A careful investigation, by experts, of a single large bureau in Washington disclosed the fact that more than half the force could be dispensed with. The JAY commission in New York, three years ago, recommended that a fifth of the force should be dismissed.

But the dangerous evil of the patronage civil service system is political interference with the business department of the government. This can be remedied only by a method of appointment wholly independent of politics and politicians; and if any better test of fitness can be applied than that of general intelligence and special aptitude, ascertained by actual trial, which is the proposed reform, we shall be very glad to know it, and we will certainly do our share to promote its application. General ARTHUR says that the methods hitherto proposed have "seemed to exalt mere educational and abstract tests above general business capacity, and even special fitness for the particular work in hand." But General ARTHUR is probably unaware of the fact that general business capacity has never been so satisfactorily ascertained as by the tests applied, within certain limits, in the Custom-house during the last fifteen months, while special fitness for the particular work in hand has been determined, as alone it can be, by actual experiment, for a term of six months; and, above all, political interference in such appointments has been abolished.

One thing is plain. If a man is made Collector with the understanding that the places in his gift are to be given by political influence and regarded as political rewards, fitness in any proper sense will not be considered, and the chief and perilous evil of the service will constantly increase. If, as General ARTHUR truly says, "the rules which should be applied to the management of the public service may properly conform in the main to such as regulate the conduct of successful private business," the methods of appointment now generally adopted must be totally changed, and political considerations must be completely excluded. The great commercial houses upon South Street, the great dry-goods houses, the great manufactories, the great corporations, do not appoint and remove subordinates for political reasons. They do not, indeed, hold competitive examinations, but that is because they are not obliged to get rid of a swarm of politicians intrenched in a tradition of right to influence appointments. If they were, if private business houses were confronted with the political abuses of the public business departments, they also would devise a test of fitness, with which no politician could interfere; and we would challenge any such house to suggest a simpler, more reasonable, or more practicable test than that of intelligence ascertained by free competition, and special aptitude determined by actual trial. So long as the civil service is filled by direct or indirect political influence, appointments will not be made upon ascertained fitness; offices will be unnecessarily and enormously multiplied; and the system will become more and more destructive of economical and efficient administration, and a more serious menace to the stability of the government.

WHEW!

"GENERAL WILLIAM PRESTON, of Lexington, Kentucky," is plainly a lineal descendant of the old-fashioned fire-eaters. He has recently made a speech ratifying General HANCOCK'S nomination in the most sonorous manner. "You want to stand up," cries General WILLIAM PRESTON to the ratifying Democrats, "and tell every Republican that if they ever attempt to steal another electoral vote from you, you will kill him where he stands. Tell them to the devil with their bonds, but that you propose that another electoral vote shall never be stolen from you." General WILLIAM PRESTON is evidently a man of valor, but he says that when he first heard the name "unterrified Democracy," it made his blood run cold. He begs his friends to justify the name. He is sure that General HANCOCK is of the unterrified kind, and that should he be elected, "no man will dare to take the Presidency from his grasp." They may have taken it from "the old and kindly hand of TILDEN, but before God I would as soon seek to take the meat from under the paw of a hungry tiger as to let the visiting statesmen steal HANCOCK'S victory." Finally he says, "Yes, we will vote for HANCOCK; and yes, before God, if he is elected, we will, man and boy, the last one of us, assist in seating him." Mr. JOHN KELLY in New York echoes the words of General WILLIAM PRESTON in Kentucky. "The simple question for the consideration of our people at the coming election will be, Has General HANCOCK been fairly and honestly elected by the people of this country? And if so, I know that the gallant soldier, WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK, will take his seat."

This is all exceedingly lurid, but the fury seems to be unnecessary. No man who was lawfully declared to be elected President has ever had any trouble in taking his seat. These fervent Democratic orators may be very sure that if General GARFIELD should be fairly and honestly elected, he will also take his seat, and he will be quite as fierce a tiger as General HANCOCK. Republicans have not shown themselves to be peculiarly susceptible to terror, or, if these doughty orators will pardon the word, to "squirt," and they are not likely to be dismayed by a great deal of this kind of oratory. The more of it there is, the less likely is the "meat" to get "under the paw" of the "hungry tiger" of Governor's Island.

If these Democrats mean that any man will take the Presidential chair who has not been lawfully declared to be elected, we think that they are mistaken. It will not be enough for General WILLIAM PRESTON and his party friends in Kentucky, and Mr. JOHN KELLY and his party friends in New York, to decide that a candidate has or has not been elected. The Constitution has conferred upon them no authority in the matter whatever, and this, they may have forgotten, is a constitutional government. The result of the election in every State will be certified by the electors, and transmitted to the President of the Senate, who will open the certificates in the presence of both Houses, and according to the uniform custom they will be counted as the Houses shall direct, and the result duly declared. If any other person than the one so declared shall attempt to take the seat, he will, as the boys say, "get an awful fall." But as nobody has ever tried it, we hope that General WILLIAM PRESTON and Mr. JOHN KELLY will find a cooling sedative in the reflection that probably nobody ever will.

LEGITIMATE POLITICS.

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS gave great comfort to the Democratic party, which nominated him for Governor of Massachusetts in 1876, by saying, upon the inauguration of President HAYES, that he was branded with fraud. Mr. ADAMS recently took occasion to say that he had no enmity to Mr. HAYES, and that he did not say that Mr. HAYES committed the fraud, but that it was committed and justified by his party. He said, also, that Mr. GARFIELD is a man whom he respects, but for whom he can not vote, because his party had justified and sustained fraud.

Of course Mr. ADAMS does not believe Mr. GARFIELD to be false or corrupt, or he could not respect him. He refuses to vote for him, not on any personal ground, but because of his party. Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS also says that he knows General GARFIELD well, and regards him as a man of "rare probity" and "high intellect," and a "Christian gentleman," but he disagrees with him upon political principles. So the great body of Union men decline to vote for General HANCOCK, not for personal reasons, but because of his party. Mr. ADAMS thinks the Republican to be the party of fraud. So the great body of voters who sustained President LINCOLN think the Democratic party to be the party of the fraudulent tissue ballot, of the terrorization of voters, of dangerous schemes of finance, and of unsound views of the Constitution.

This is legitimate politics. It is not a personal but a political difference. Mr. ADAMS does not oppose Mr. GARFIELD because he thinks him a thief. The sincere Republican does not oppose General HANCOCK because he thinks him a liar. There is always a strenuous effort to make the Presidential election turn upon the comparative personal villainy of the candidates. If a man ought to be in the State-prison or the pillory instead of the White House, the party that nominates him ought, for that reason, to be defeated. But where personal character is really unassailable, the only proper personal consideration in candidacies is fitness for the office, based upon ability, training, and experience. In this view there is of course no rivalry between the present candidates. The greater fitness of General GARFIELD is indisputable. Mr. ADAMS'S sole reason for voting against him is that the Republican party, he thinks, has condoned fraud. But to support a party which confessedly cheats and bulldozes at the polls hardly seems to be a meritorious way of punishing a party which condones fraud.

FREE VOTING.

A WESTERN correspondent asks for the evidence that free voting is prevented in the Southern States. He will find it in all the Congressional reports upon elections since 1865, especially in the STEVENSON Louisiana report of 1869, and in the Mississippi reports, and in letters from Louisiana after the disputed election of 1876. The terror in certain parishes of that State is as well established as any other accepted fact of history. The evidence of Democratic tissue-ballot frauds in the South Carolina elections is the ballots themselves, many of which we have seen as prepared for use. They could have had no other object than

fraud, and that there might be no question, the intention of fraud was frankly confessed.

The best—because wholly non-partisan—witness to this last fact is Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL. During a journey in this country two or three years since, he was in many of the Southern States, and he reports that there was no concealment whatever, and that the tissue ballot, or fraud, was considered a preferable method of suppressing the colored vote to the shot-gun, or violence. There is no more reasonable doubt of Democratic electoral fraud in many of the doubtful districts in the Southern States than there was of the TWEED frauds in New York. The election law of Louisiana creating the Returning Board, with its extraordinary powers, was adopted in 1870 because of the virtual violent destruction of the right of free voting in many parts of that State.

A few figures will be useful to our correspondent. In the year 1868 the official registration of Republican voters in various parishes in Louisiana was as follows: St. Landry, 3069; Bossier, 1938; Caddo, 2894; Jefferson, 3562; St. Bernard, 679. In September, October, and November, 1868, the number of political murders in thirty-five parishes of the State, including those we have mentioned, according to official returns, was more than 1000. At the election in 1868 the actual Republican votes in the parishes of which we have mentioned the registration were as follows: St. Landry, none; Bossier, 1; Caddo, 1; Jefferson, 672; St. Bernard, 1. It was to prevent the practical annihilation of the Republican vote that the new election laws were passed. It was also because of this annihilation by terror that the Democrats in 1876 insisted that the vote should be counted as cast. Thus, in the two noted parishes of East and West Feliciana, the registered colored vote, which was mainly Republican, was 3046. The Republican vote as cast was 781. It is thus that "the right preservative of all rights" has been destroyed by Democratic force in parts of one Southern State. It is for our correspondent to decide whether freedom of voting is as secure in "the South" as in "the North," and whether, under a Democratic national administration adopting and enforcing the Democratic views of the extra session, a free vote and a fair count in those States are more probable than they are now.

THE GROVE AT CONCORD.

THE Summer School of Philosophy at Concord, Massachusetts, is again open, and commands general attention. "To think of it!" writes a pilgrim: "young girls from Indiana were there who told me they read Kant and Hegel in the German, and had not heard of *The Undiscovered Country!*" One of the chief teachers, Mr. HARRIS, is from St. Louis, and the West is as fully represented among the hundred and fifty students as the East. The plan is very simple. There are various series of lectures, mainly upon the higher philosophical themes, and there is no other requirement for attendance than payment of the fees; and it is agreeable to know that the fees amply cover all expenses.

Among the chief figures of this summer is the nephew and biographer of Dr. CHANNING, WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING, whom more than thirty years ago Mr. EMERSON saluted in a poem as "the evil time's sole patriot." He has been for many years a clergyman in England. EDWIN ARNOLD, the author of *The Light of Asia*, is his son-in-law. Mr. CHANNING's discourses seem to have been somewhat mystical; but it is less the thing said than the spirit of the utterance which is the deepest influence of such speaking.

This spirit, indeed, is the chief significance of this new Academy. It assembles fitly in the rural town which has been for a generation the Mecca of scholars and thinkers from all parts of the world, because it is the home of Mr. EMERSON. His serene and lofty genius, his wise humanity, his comprehensive intelligence and sympathy, and his wide and various knowledge make him naturally the master of such an Academy. It is not a general intellectual movement like the "Transcendentalism" of forty years ago, but it is an interesting evidence of the unsuspected fact that amid the eagerness and heat of American activity, and the apparent postponement of all other interests to material prosperity, there is that higher life, fed upon "the still air of delightful studies," which certainly penetrates and elevates all other forms of national life.

DEAN STANLEY REBUKED.

DEAN STANLEY has been severely and justly rebuked. The proposition to erect a memorial to the young BONAPARTE in Westminster Abbey had been so plainly condemned by the public opinion of England, and was in itself a scheme so alien to the highest propriety, that the Dean should have yielded long ago. There have been the most emphatic expressions of dissent from some of the most illustrious Englishmen, but it is supposed that the Dean knew that the court favored the plan, and that he listened rather to the court than to the people.

A great meeting was held at St. James's Hall in London to protest against the memorial, and Mr. BRIGGS introduced a resolution of condemnation in the House of Commons. Many of Mr. GLADSTONE's friends begged him not to interfere, as they should certainly support the motion. But whether the Queen had spoken to him upon the subject, which was not political, or whether, knowing her feeling, he wished to gratify it in a matter over which, in his opinion, Parliament had no control, or whatever the reason may have been, Mr. GLADSTONE advised the House not to support the motion. But in vain. Fifteen members of the government, indeed, voted against it upon the first division, and Mr. SMALLEY says that the whole Treasury Bench walked out of the House amid derisive cheers before the main question was taken. Yet the resolution was passed, and Dean STANLEY's unwise persistence has produced, without any necessity, a vote of the House against the Queen's known wishes.

The Dean had privately intimated that he would be governed by the action of the House, of which he has formally acquainted the Memorial Committee, and it is supposed that the memorial will be erected elsewhere. The persistence in this scheme is the more singular because the young NAPOLEON represented hereditary enmity to England, and although protected by English hospitality, he went to South Africa, not to aid the country of his shelter, but to train himself more effectively to disturb a government friendly to England.

MR. NASBY'S COUNSEL TO THE CORNERS.

MR. NASBY has not lost that art of humorously hitting the nail on the head which so pleased ABRAHAM LINCOLN. In his capacity of Democratic expectant, willing to be reconciled if he can have his own way, Mr. Nasby remarks to the assembled Democracy of the Corners at Bascom's:

"Does it make any difference to the Corners who the figger-hed is that is put up? Not at all. Ef HANCOOK is the way, walk ye in it. Does any one suppose that HANCOCK, wich is to be elected, ef he is elected at all, by the solid south, is a-goin back onto the solid south after his eleckshun? Does the ass know his master's crib? Is he a-goin to turn and rend the hand which feeds him? Are we so stoopid ez to suppose that the southern brigadeers who run the Cinsinnati convenshun didn't know wat they wuz about? Hevin but one thing to do, do you suppose they didn't go and do it? To win we hev got to kerry some northern states, and would it hev bin polisy to hev put up a brigadeer in gray to hev skeered the northern dimocrisy whose stumicks are still week? We kin forgive a federel ginerel wich, for the sake uv bein president, is willin to undo as a president all that he did as a soljer. Wat he did ez a soljer is past—wat he will do ez a president is yet to come. We hev not gone back onto ourselves in nominatin him—ef he goes *back upon hisself*, that *is his* own biznis."

TWEED AND TICHBORNE.

THE decision of the New York Court of Appeals in the case of TWEED has been severely treated by the English Court of Appeal. TWEED was convicted of twelve separate offenses of the same grade charged in one indictment, and he was sentenced accordingly to twelve distinct terms of imprisonment. The Court of Appeals held that the sentence was contrary to principle and justice, and that it was not sustained either by American or English authority. The TICHBORNE claimant was convicted and sentenced in the same way in England, and his counsel appealed to have half of the sentence annulled, relying upon the New York TWEED decision.

This decision, however, was promptly and decisively condemned by the English judges. They expressed their surprise at it, and declared that they could not discover its principle or reason, for the principle of trial for several offenses under one indictment, and sentence according to conviction, had always been recognized in England.

Estimates of the comparative weight of these two decisions will differ. They are directly at variance. So far as the English precedent and recognized principle are concerned, there can, indeed, be no question after the distinct declaration of the English judges. Precedent being thus established, the essential reason of the opinions will be drawn into discussion, and it is hard to see what injustice is likely to arise from the trial of the same kind of offenses under one indictment.

THE SAILOR'S FRIEND.

ONE of the quaintest of recent political incidents is the speech in which Mr. PLIMSOLL, the sailor's friend, vacated his seat at Derby, in England, in order to enable Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, the Home Secretary of the present administration, to recover his place in Parliament. It is an exceedingly grave step for a member of Parliament to resign for such a purpose, but it is exceedingly singular to find anywhere in public life a simplicity of character such as Mr. PLIMSOLL has shown, and without forfeiting in the least degree respect for his manliness. It is a unique incident in political history.

Having called a meeting of his constituents, the electors of Derby, Mr. PLIMSOLL stated that he had had grave discussions with his wife upon the subject of withdrawing, and said: "I can lay my present matter before you best, perhaps, by relating our conversation: 'ELIZA, the Home Secretary has been defeated at Oxford, and I want to ask my constituents to let me give him my seat for Derby.' 'Why?' 'To help the sailors.' 'How will that help them?' 'This way: Sir WILLIAM has helped me before; he has shown a great willingness at all times to do the sailors justice. Will he be less willing when he will owe them so much? Consider a moment. You know that the acts of 1875 and 1876 are simply murderous impostures; that the preventable loss of life is still as great as ever. Well, this is how the matter stands with the Government.' (I speak here without any authority; it is my idea only of the present situation.) 'Their Home Secretary is without a seat, and a seat must be found. There will be no lack of offers, but they will all probably be for trumpery little places which it will be one of the first duties of the new Government to disfranchise. To accept one of them would seriously embarrass their future course. To secure even one of these would involve degrading personal canvassing, and it is undesirable in a high degree that a high officer of state should be subjected to this; and lastly, even the right to canvass must be reached through dirty bargaining with the present representative. The Liberal party will be saved, the sailors will be benefited, and no single friendship need be sacrificed; but it is an unusual state of things we have to consider, and we may easily make a great mistake. Let us take the matter to God, and seek His guidance.' We did; we reminded Him of the word of His promise upon which He had caused us to rely, 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not.' And when we rose, the path of duty was as clear and plain before us as a turnpike. We looked at each other; it was enough."

So was his speech. The *Spectator* says, "No wonder Derby was taken by storm." Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was promptly elected, and it will be strange if he does not make the cause of the sailor his own.

AN ARGUMENTATIVE FACT.

THERE is one fact which "intending" voters may wisely remember. The interest-bearing debt of the country reached its maximum on the 31st of August, 1865, with the settlement of army pay, etc., being then $2,381,530,000. It is now $1,723,993,100. The decrease is $657,536,900, and specie payments are resumed. This is not a record of which Republicans need be ashamed, and it is one to which Mr. GLADSTONE, one of the greatest of finance ministers, has pointed as a most striking illustration of our national vigor and resources. The result could have hardly been better under the financial management of the allied Democratic and Greenback parties.

PERSONAL.

C. S. REINHART is sojourning in Paris, where he will remain several months in the pursuit of his artistic studies. Besides his drawings for HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, he has several large works in prospect, which will undoubtedly enhance his reputation as an artist.

—W. HAMILTON GIBSON will soon leave for an extended trip through the White Mountains, to gather materials for a series of illustrated articles similar to those which have recently appeared in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Mr. GIBSON is singularly fortunate in combining fine literary and artistic talents.

—The failure of Prince LEOPOLD to visit Newport resulted not from any "accident," as has been reported, but from the unfortunate recurrence of the illness with which H. R. H. was afflicted before leaving England, and which came upon him so severely as to cause his secretary, Colonel MCNEILL, to address the following note to Mr. WAITE, of the Brevoort House, where a large suite of rooms had been engaged for the Prince and his suite, who were to have come to New York:

"CASAPEDIAL, METAPEDIA, *July* 17.

"DEAR SIR,—I regret to say that, owing to the Prince's plans being entirely altered, I must cancel the order for rooms that I gave you the other day. The Prince, I fear, will not be able to visit New York or any part of the States, but must return at once.

"Yours truly, JOHN C. MCNEILL."

—Captain EBENEZER MORGAN, a wealthy and liberal-minded citizen of Groton, Connecticut, has given the sum of $25,000 to enable the Rev. Dr. T. J. CONANT to finish his translation of the Old Testament. This work was begun twenty years ago, but was interrupted by the financial difficulties of the society for which Dr. CONANT labored. It is now to be resumed in circumstances which will probably secure its completion within five years. The engagement is a strictly personal one between Captain MORGAN and Dr. CONANT.

—Mr. MATHER, one of the recently returned representatives of the United States at the Berlin International Fishery Exhibition, has joined the staff of *Forest and Stream*, and will in future conduct its fishery department.

—The New York *Sun* suggests that one of the Yucatan pyramids would add interest and variety to our Central Park collection. "A man of Lieutenant GORRINGE's talents," it adds, "should not be suffered to rust in idleness, and Yucatan is nearer than Egypt."

—Mr. JOSEPH STRONG CURTIS, son of Mr. GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS, of this city, and a distinguished mineralogist and mining expert on the Pacific coast, has been appointed special census expert, in connection with the geological survey of Nevada and California, to examine and report upon all important mines, mineral deposits, mills, smelting-works, etc., in the district comprising the whole of Nevada south of the Central Pacific Railroad, and that part of California which lies east of the Sierra Nevadas.

—It is announced that the daughter of Mr. ANDREW D. WHITE, United States Minister to Germany, is about to be married to Mr. THEODORE STANTON. The ceremony will be performed at the American Legation in Berlin.

—Many of our readers will remember the three VESCELIUS sisters, who two or three years ago gave concerts in the Northern States and Canada. Their success induced them to make an extended professional tour. After singing with great acceptance in England and France, they sought a new field in South Africa and Australia. In both countries they met with remarkable success. They propose returning to this country by way of China and Japan.

—GAMBETTA is said to be greatly annoyed by the escapades of a man who so closely resembles him that he is in daily fear of having set down to his account exploits which would not be in the least creditable to the President of the Chamber of Deputies.

—During the recent hot and depressing weather the venerable PETER COOPER was so seriously affected as to alarm his friends. Every one will rejoice to know that he has so far recovered as to be able to go into the country.

—FREDERICK VON BODENSTEDT, the German poet, who has been spending some months in this country, has sailed for Europe, after a journey to the West and the Pacific coast. During his tour in the interior he was the recipient of a great deal of cordial hospitality, public and private. He has written several new poems on themes suggested by his travels. Among them is an ode on the Falls of Minnehaha, and a descriptive poem on the Yosemite Valley.

—M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC has recently received a bequest of 50,000 francs from an old lady. Nobody was more astonished at the news than M. DE CASSAGNAC himself, who did not even know the lady's name.

—A monument to the poet and fairy-tale teller HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, who died in August, 1875, was recently unveiled at Copenhagen. The bronze statue, somewhat over life size, is by Mr. SAABYE. The poet is represented in modern dress, sitting in a chair, and reading one of his fairy tales to an imaginary audience. The place chosen for the statue is the garden surrounding the venerable castle of Rosenborg, one of the favorite resorts of the Copenhagen public, and situated near the centre of the town. The King, the Queen, the Crown Prince and Princess, with two of their children, the Duchess of Cumberland, and a numerous assembly, including most of the notabilities of the Danish capital, were present at the ceremony.

—Baron GUSTAVE DE ROTHSCHILD has bought M. SUCHETET's piece of sculpture, "Biblis Changed into a Fountain," which won the Prix du Salon this year, for 25,000 francs. The purchaser has forbidden any reproduction of the work beyond a small copy which has been promised to Dr. FAUVEL.

—Mr. ABEL CROOK, the president of the New York State Association for the Protection of Game, is engaged in a codification of the game laws, and, with other members of the society, is putting into shape a comprehensive and well-defined plan of systematic effort to perfect the law and the agencies for its enforcement.

—A soldier under the first NAPOLEON has been found by the census enumerator in Calcasieu Parish, Louisiana. His name is PIERRE LANOIRE. He was captured after the battle of Moscow, and sent to Siberia. He is now eighty-seven years old.

—The Comte de Chambord (called by his partisans HENRY V. of France) very naturally detests the anti-Jesuit decrees. In a recent private letter he expressly describes them as "detestable," as an "audacious defiance to the sacred rights of truth and conscience," and as "recalling the worst days of religious persecution."

—The episode in the early career of CLIVE which forms the subject of the second poem in Mr. BROWNING's new volume is one that is very briefly touched in his biographies. Mr. BROWNING tells the story in the shape in which it used to be orally related by Lord MACAULAY, the words attributed to CLIVE when the bully's pistol was at his head being textually as MACAULAY gave them.

—Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, says the *Parisian*, is a regular attendant at the state concerts and balls, where his republican simplicity of attire renders him a prominent person by very comparison.

—Mr. GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian, keeps two stenographers at work at Newport this summer, and expects to print in the fall a volume which will bring his history down to 1789.

—VICTOR HUGO, according to the *Parisian*, intends to leave all the manuscripts of his works to the Bibliothèque Nationale, in Paris. They are written on paper of all kinds—cards, backs of letters, and envelopes.

—Lord SHERBROOK, in the House of Commons, noticing Mr. THOMPSON, the member for Bolton, who is a conscientious regular attendant, and is quite deaf, holding an ear-trumpet to his imperfect organ, peered at him attentively through his eyeglass, and exclaimed, "Well! well! I never in my life saw a man so deliberately ungrateful for natural advantages."

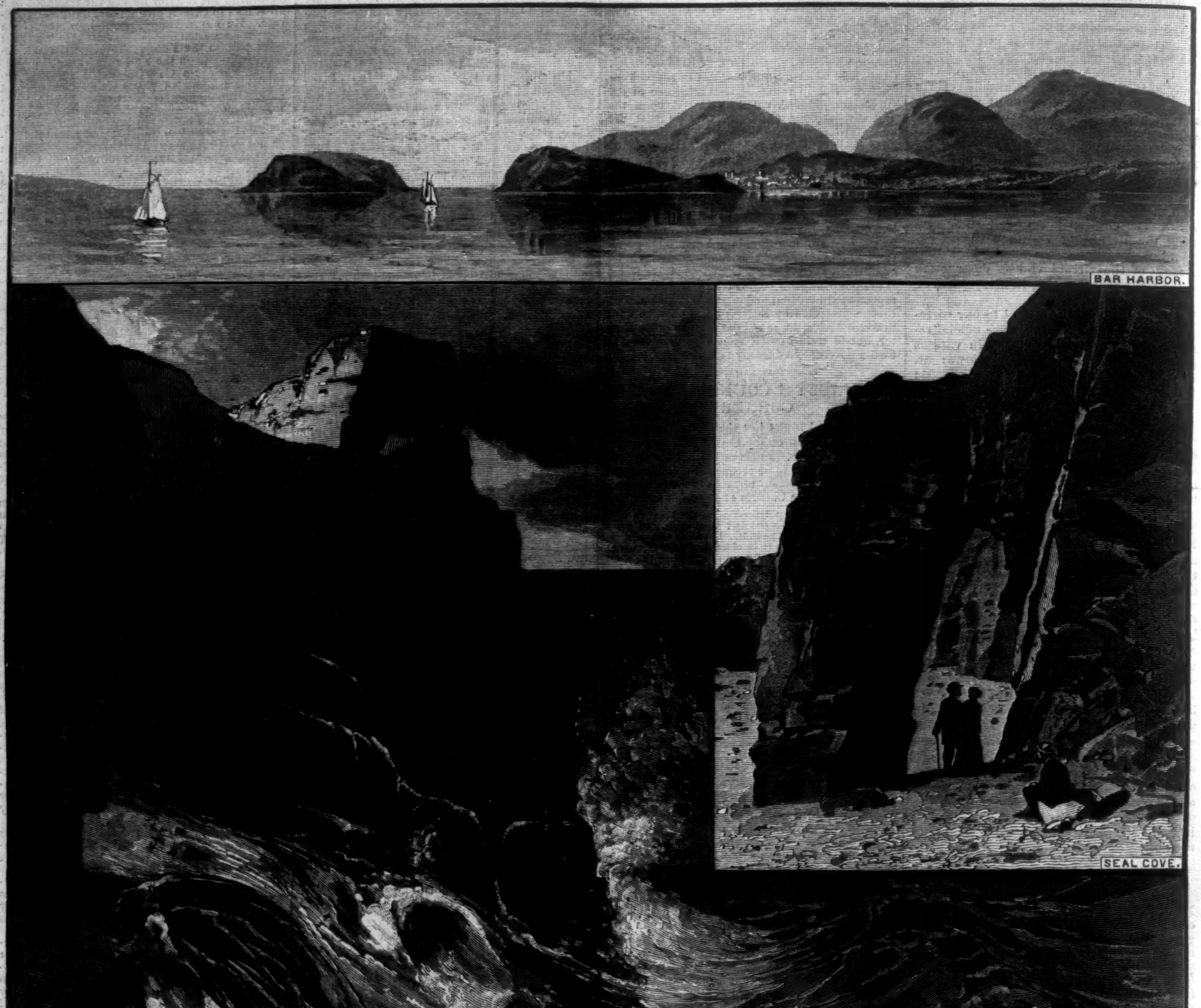
—ALEXANDRE DUMAS, Jun.'s, latest book, *La Question du Divorce*, in which he advocates divorce under certain conditions, has been placed on the Catholic Index Expurgatorius.

—Of REMENYI's three violins, one is a Stradivarius, called the Princess, and valued at five thousand dollars; another, called the Prince, is an Amati, of the same value; and the third, called the Crown Prince, and used for parlor playing, valued at three thousand dollars, was made by Mr. COLTON, of New York, who works so slowly and carefully that should he work till very old, he would complete, it is said, only about fifteen violins.

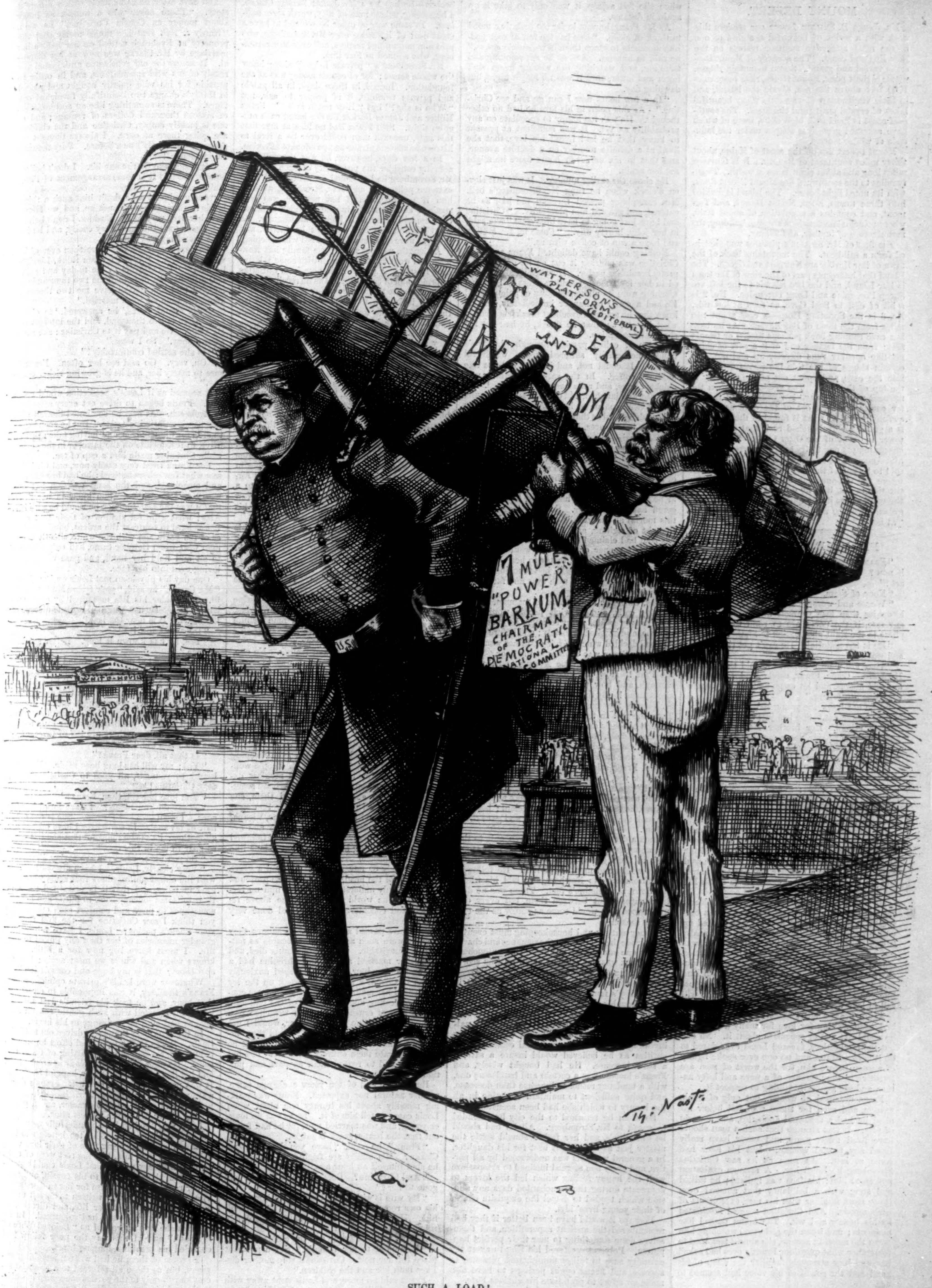
—The Prussian Crown Prince, at the costly and elaborate luncheon of the officers of a regiment inspected last year, refused to touch anything, and remarked of the wine that he only drank Champagne on extraordinary occasions. This year, after inspection, he found in the guard-room some sandwiches and beer simply, sitting down to which he ate heartily, lit his meerschaum, and smoked and chatted for an hour or so *en bonne camaraderie*.

—A portrait of General KNOX, of the Revolution, will soon come into the possession of Bowdoin College, having been devised to the institution by the general himself, although remaining in Admiral THACHER's possession during his life.

—The Hon. J. S. POTTER, of Massachusetts, who for four years has been United States Consul at the court of Würtemberg, has been appointed to succeed BRET HARTE at Crefeld. Mr. CATLIN, of Paterson, New Jersey, succeeds Mr. POTTER at Stuttgart. The retiring consul has throughout sustained the friendliest social and political relations with citizens and nobles, and these, while they cordially welcome his successor, regard Mr. POTTER's leaving as a personal loss to their capital. Four years ago the United States consulate at Stuttgart was obscure and inactive. It is now acknowledged in Europe to be one of the most important consulates on the Continent. Its dignity has been established by Mr. POTTER's personal influence, and supported mainly at his own expense. He is a man of generous impulses, and of rare official capacity. During these four years of service his pen has not been idle. His paper on the "Education of the American Youth in Germany" was quite generally translated from the English into the German papers, and made no little commotion among the Germans; his treatise on "The Manufacture of Beet-root Sugar" has been regarded as one of the most valuable contributions that has yet been made in the interests of this branch of industry. Mrs. POTTER belongs to the stanch old QUINCY ADAMS family, and possesses the confidence and affection of Americans and Germans.



SCENES ON MOUNT DESERT.—DRAWN BY JAMES D. SMILLIE.—[SEE PAGE 502.]



SUCH A LOAD!

HENRY WATTERSON (*the slave of duty*). "I've carried him so far, now see how it is yourself."

MOUNT DESERT.

Mr. James D. Smillie favors our readers this week with a series of beautiful sketches of one of the most attractive summer resorts on the New England coast. The scenery of Mount Desert is varied and grand. Seven mountain ridges, whose highest peak, Mount Green, rises more than 1700 feet above the sea, divide the island, and in their verdurous valleys nestle many beautiful lakes of crystal purity and clearness. The south-east coast is lined with high cliffs, some of which have assumed grotesque shapes under the influence of winter storms.

Mount Desert lies off the coast of Maine, about thirty miles southeast of Bangor. It is fourteen miles long and about eight miles in width. Twenty miles to the southward lies Mount Desert Rock, with its noted light-house. The island is divided into three towns, Eden, Mount Desert, and Tremont, and contains a population of about 4000, whose principal occupations are ship-building, the manufacture of lumber, and fishing.

The first of Mr. Smillie's pictures was sketched from a sail-boat. The mountains back of the town of Bar Harbor are Newport and Green. The island that intercepts part of the view of the town is Bar Island, and the two islands to the left are Sheep Porcupine and Long Porcupine. No. 2 is a bit of cliff in Seal Cove, as seen at low tide. No. 3 is the Spouting Horn—a cliff about two miles from the town of Bar Harbor. At its base is a cave running back perhaps fifteen or twenty feet; from the farther end of it a sort of chimney-like opening runs directly up and out. At certain stages of the tide the waves are driven into the cave, and spout out of the chimney at the top of the rock. The artist has chosen the moment when the wave is receding, and the water comes scuttling out of the cave as though awfully scared at what it found in there. No. 4 is a grand bit of detached rock that rises like a tower in front of the Otter Cliffs. The narrow chasm tempts one to try to spring across it. No. 5 is Anemone Cave, near Schooner Head, and is said to be one of the very few places on our coast where the sea-anemone is to be found. When the tide is out, it is no difficult thing to get into the cave, where in the quiet pools these beautiful growths may be admired and carefully observed "at home."

FRANZ MÜLLER'S WIFE.

"Franz, good-morning. Whose philosophy is it now? Hegel, Spinoza, Kant, or Dugald Stewart?"

"None of them. I am reading *Faust*."

"Worse and worse. Better wrestle with philosophies than lose yourself in the clouds. At any rate, if the poets are to send the philosophers to the right about, stick to Shakspeare."

"He is too material. He can't get rid of men and women."

"They are a little better, I should think, than Mephisto. Come, Franz, condescend to cravats and kid gloves, and let us go and see my cousin Christine Stromberg."

"I do not know the young lady."

"Of course not. She has just returned from a Munich school. Her brother Max was at the Lyndons' great party, you remember?"

"I don't remember, Louis. In white cravats and black coats all men look alike."

"But you will go?"

"If you wish it, yes. There are some uncut reviews on the table: amuse yourself while I dress."

"Thanks, I have my cigar case. I will take a smoke, and think of Christine."

For some reason, quite beyond analysis, Franz did not like this speech. He had never seen Christine Stromberg, but yet he half resented the careless use of her name. It fell upon some soul consciousness like a familiar and personal name, and yet he vainly recalled every phase of his life for any clew to this familiarity.

He was a handsome fellow, with large, clearly cut features and gray, thoughtful eyes. In a conversation that interested him his face lighted up with a singularly beautiful animation, but usually it was as still and passionless as if the soul was away on a dream or a visit. Even the regulation cravat and coat could not destroy his individuality, and Louis looked admiringly at him, and said, "You are still Franz Müller. No one is just like you. I should think Cousin Christine will fall in love with you."

Again Franz's heart resented this speech. It had been waiting for love for many a year, but he could not jest or speculate about it. No one but the thoughtless, favored Louis ever dared to do it before Franz, and no one ever spoke lightly of women before him, for the worst of men are sensitive to the presence of a pure and lofty nature, and are generally willing to respect it.

Franz dreamed of women, but only of noble women, and even for those who fell below his ideal he had a thousand apologies, and a world of pity. It was strange that such a man should have lived thirty years, and never have really loved any mortal woman. But his hour had come at last. As soon as he saw Christine Stromberg he loved her. A strange exaltation possessed him; his face was radiant; he talked and sung with a brilliancy that amazed even those most familiar with his rare exhibitions of such moods. And Christine seemed fascinated by his beauty and wit. The hours passed like moments; and when the girl stood watching him down the moon-lit avenue, she almost trembled to remember what questions Franz's eyes had asked her, and how strangely familiar the clasp of his hand and the sound of his voice had seemed to her.

"I wonder where I have seen him before," she murmured—"I wonder where it was?" and to this thought she slowly took off one by one her jewels, and brushed out her long black hair; nay, when she fell asleep, it was only to take it up again in dreams.

As for Franz, he was in far too ecstatic a mood to think of sleep. "One has too few of such god-like moments to steep them in unconsciousness," he said to himself. And so he sat smoking and thinking, and watching the waning moon sink lower and lower, until it was no longer night, but dawning day.

"In a few hours now I can go and see Christine." At this point in his love he had no other thought. He was too happy to speculate on any probability as yet. It was sufficient at present to know that he had found his love, that she lived at a definite number on a definite avenue, and that in six or seven hours more he might see her again.

He chose the earlier number. It was just eleven o'clock when he rung Mr. Stromberg's bell. Mrs. Stromberg passed through the hall as he entered, and greeted him pleasantly. "Christine and I are just going to have breakfast," she said, in her jolly, hearty way. "Come in, Mr. Müller, and have a cup of coffee with us."

Nothing could have delighted Franz so much. Christine was pouring it out as he entered the pretty breakfast parlor. How beautiful she looked in her long loose morning dress! How bewitching were its numerous bows of pale ribbon! He had a sense of hunger immediately, and he knew that he made an excellent breakfast; but of what he ate, or what he drank, he had not the slightest conception.

A cup of coffee passing through Christine's hands necessarily suffered some wonderful change. It could not, and it did not, taste like ordinary coffee. In the same mysterious way chicken, eggs, and rolls became sublimated. So they ate, and laughed, and chatted, and I am quite sure that Milton never imagined a meal in Eden half so delightful as that breakfast on the Avenue.

When it was over, it came into Franz's heart to offer Christine a ride. They were standing together among the flowers in the bay-window, and the trees outside were in their first tender green, and the spring skies and the spring airs were full of happiness and hope. Christine was arranging and watering her lilies and pansies, and somehow in helping her Franz's hands and hers had lingered happily together. So now love gave to this mortal an immortal's confidence. He never thought of sighing, and fearing, and trembling. His soul had claimed Christine, and he firmly believed that sooner or later she would hear and understand what he had to say to her.

"Shall we ride?" he said, just touching her fingers, and looking at her with eyes and face glowing with a wonderful happiness.

Alas, Christine could think of mamma, and of morning calls, and of what people would say. But Franz overruled every scruple; he conquered mamma, and laughed at society; and before Christine had decided which of her costumes was most becoming, Franz was waiting at the door.

How they rattled up the Avenue and through the Park! How the green branches waved in triumph, and how the birds sang and gossiped about them! By the time they arrived at Mount St. Vincent they had forgotten they were mortal. Then the rest in the shady gallery, and the subsidence of love's exaltation into love's silent, tender melancholy, were just as blissful.

They came slowly home, speaking only in glances and monosyllables, but just before they parted, Franz said, "I have been waiting thirty years for you, Christine; to-day my life has blossomed."

And though Christine did not make any audible answer, he thought her blush sufficient; besides, she took the lilies from her throat, and gave them to him.

Such a dream of true love is given only to the few whom the gods favor. Franz must have stood high in their grace, for it lasted through many sweet weeks and months for him. He followed the Strombergs to Newport, and laid his whole life down at Christine's feet. There was no definite engagement between them, but every one understood that would come as surely as the end of the season.

Money matters and housekeeping must eventually intrude themselves, but the romance and charm of this one summer of life should be untouched. And Franz was not anxious at all on this score. His father, a shrewd business man, had early seen that his son was a poet and a dreamer. "It is not the boy's fault," he said to his partner: "he gets it from his grandfather, who was always more out of this world than in it."

So he wisely allowed Franz to follow his natural tastes, and contented himself with carefully investing his fortune in such real estate and securities as he believed would insure a safe, if a slow, increase. He had bought wisely, and Franz's income was a certain and handsome one, with a tendency rather to increase than decrease, and quite sufficient to maintain Christine in all the luxury to which she had been accustomed.

So when he returned to the city he intended to speak to Mr. Stromberg. All he had should be Christine's, and her father should settle the matter just as he thought best for his daughter. In a general way this was understood by all parties, and every one seemed inclined to sympathize with the happy feeling which led the lovers to deprecate during these enchanted days any allusion which tended to dispel the exquisite charm of their young lives' idyl.

Perhaps it would have been better if they had remembered the ancient superstition, and themselves done something to mar their perfect happiness. Polycrates offered his ring to avert the calamity sure to follow unmitigated pleasure or success, and Franz ought perhaps to have also made an effort to propitiate his envious Fate.

But he did not, and toward the very end of the season, when the October days had thrown a kind of still melancholy over the world that had been so green and gay, Franz's dream was rudely broken—broken by a Mr. James Barker Clarke, a blustering, vulgar man of fifty, worth *three millions*. In some way or other he seemed to have a great deal of influence over Mr. Stromberg, who paid him unqualified respect, and over Mrs. Stromberg, who seemed to fear him.

Mr. Stromberg's "private ledger" alone knew the whole secret; for of course money was at the foundation. Indeed, in these days, in all public and private troubles, it is proper to ask, not "Who is she?" but "How much is it?" Franz Müller and James Barker Clarke hated each other on sight. Still Franz had no idea at first that this ugly, uncouth man could ever be a rival to his own handsome person and passionate affection.

In a few days, however, he was compelled to actually consider the possibility of such a thing. Mr. Stromberg had assumed an attitude of such extreme politeness, and Mrs. Stromberg avoided him if possible, and if not possible, was constrained and unhappy in the familiar relations that she had accepted so happily all summer. As for Christine, she had constant headaches, and her eyes were often swollen and red with weeping.

At length, without notice, the family left Newport, and went to stay a month with some relative near Boston. A pitiful little note from Christine informed him of this fact; but as he received no information as to the locality of her relative's house, and no invitation to call, he was compelled for the present to do as Christine asked him—wait patiently for their return.

At first he got a few short tender notes, but they were evidently written in such sorrow that he was almost beside himself with grief and anger. When these ceased he went to Boston, and without difficulty found the house where Christine was staying. He was received at first very shyly by Mrs. Stromberg, but when Franz poured out his love and misery, the poor old lady wept bitterly, and moaned out that she could not help it, and Christine could not help it, and that they were all very miserable.

Finally she was persuaded to let him see Christine, "just for five minutes." The poor girl came to him, a shadow of her gay self, and weeping in his arms, told him he must bid her good-by forever. The five minutes were lengthened into a long, terrible hour, and Franz went back to New York with the knowledge that in that hour his life had been broken in two for this life.

One night toward the close of November his friend Louis called. "Franz," he said, "have you heard that Christine Stromberg is to marry old Clarke?"

"Yes."

"No one can trust a woman. It is a shame of Christine."

"Louis, speak of what you know. Christine is an angel. If a woman appears to do wrong, there is probably some brute of a man behind her forcing her to do it."

"I thought she was to be your wife."

"She is my wife in soul and feeling. No one, thank God, can help that. If I was Clarke, I would as willingly marry a corpse as Christine Stromberg. Do not speak of her again, Louis. The poor innocent child! God bless her!" and he burst into a passion of weeping that alarmed his friend for his reason, but which was probably its salvation.

In a week Franz had left for Europe, and the next Christmas, Christine and James Barker Clarke were married, and began housekeeping in a style of extravagant splendor. People wondered and exclaimed at Christine's reckless expenditure, her parents advised, her husband scolded; but though she never disputed them, she quietly ignored all their suggestions. She went to Paris, and lived like a princess; Rome, Vienna, and London wondered over her beauty and her splendor; and wherever she went, Franz followed her quietly, haunting her magnificent salons like a wretched spectre.

They rarely or never spoke. Beyond a grave inclination of the head, or a look whose profound misery he only understood, she gave him no recognition. The world held her name above reproach, and considered that she had done very well to herself.

Ten years passed away, but the changes they brought were such as the world regards as natural and inevitable. Christine's mother died, and her father married again; and Christine had a son and a daughter. Franz watched anxiously to see if this new love would break up the icy coldness of her manners. Sometimes he was conscious of feeling angrily jealous of the children, but he always crushed down the wretched passion. "If Christine loved a flower, would I not love it also?" he asked himself; "and these little ones, what have they done?" So at last he got to separate them entirely from every one but Christine, and to regard them as part and portion of his love.

But at the end of ten years a change came, neither natural nor expected. Franz was walking moodily about his library one night, when Louis came to tell him of it. Louis was no longer young, and was married now, for he had found out that the beaten track is safest.

"Franz," he said, "have you heard about Clarke? His affairs are frightfully wrong, and he shot himself an hour ago."

"And Christine? Does she know? Who has gone to her?"

"My wife is with her. Clarke shot himself in his own room. Christine was the first to reach him. He left a letter saying he was absolutely ruined."

"Where will Christine and the children go?"

"I suppose to her father's. Not a pleasant place for her now. Christine's step-mother dislikes both her and the children."

Franz said no more, and Louis went away with a feeling of disappointment. "I thought he would have done something for her," he said to his wife. "Poor Christine will be very poor and dependent."

Ten days after, he came home with a different story. "There never was a woman as lucky about money as Cousin Christine," he said. "Hardy & Ball sent her notice to-day that the property at Ryebeach settled on her before her marriage by Mr. Clarke was now at her disposal. It seems the old gentleman anticipated the result of his wild speculations, and in order to provide for his wife, quietly bought and placed in Hardy's charge two beautifully furnished cottages. There is something like an accumulation of sixteen thousand dollars of rentage; and as one is luckily empty, Christine and the children are going there at once. I always thought the property was Hardy's own before. Very thoughtful in Clarke."

"It is not like Clarke one bit. I don't believe he ever did it. It is some arrangement of Franz Müller's."

"For goodness' sake don't hint such a thing, Lizzie! Christine would not go, and we should have her here very soon. Besides, I don't believe it. Franz took the news very coolly, and he has kept out of my way since."

The next day Louis was more than ever of his wife's opinion. "What do you think, Lizzie?" he said. "Franz came to me to-day and asked if Clarke did not once loan me two thousand dollars. I told him Clarke gave me two thousand about the time we were married."

"'Say *loaned*, Louis,' he answered, 'to oblige me. Here is two thousand, and the interest for six years. Go and pay it to Christine: she must need money.' So I went."

"Is she settled comfortably?"

"Oh, very. Go and see her often. Franz is sure to marry her, and he is growing richer every day."

It seemed as if Louis's prediction would come true. Franz began to drive out every afternoon to Ryebeach. At first he contented himself with just passing Christine's gate. But he soon began to stop for the children, and having taken them a drive, to rest awhile on the lawn, or in the parlor, while Christine made him a cup of tea.

For Franz tired very easily now, and Christine saw what few others noticed: he had become pale and emaciated, and the least exertion left him weary and breathless. She knew in her heart that it was the last summer he would be with her. Alas! what a pitiful shadow of their first one! It was hard to contrast the ardent, handsome lover of ten years ago with the white, silently happy man who, when October came, had only strength to sit and hold her hand, and gaze with eager, loving eyes into her face.

One day his physician met Louis on Broadway. "Mr. Curtin," he said, "your friend Müller is very ill. I consider his life measured by days, perhaps hours. He has long had organic disease of the heart. It is near the last."

"Does he know it?"

"Yes, he has known it long. Better see him at once."

So Louis went at once. He found Franz calmly making his last preparations for the great event. "I am glad you are come, Louis," he said; "I was going to send for you. See this cabinet full of letters. I have not strength left to destroy them; burn them for me when—when I am gone. This small packet is Christine's dear little notes: bury them with me: there are ten of them, every one ten years old."

"Is that all, dear Franz?"

"Yes; my will has long been made. Except a legacy to yourself, all goes to Christine—dear, dear Christine!"

"You love her yet, then, Franz?"

"What do you mean? I have loved her for ages. I shall love her forever. She is the other half of my soul. In some lives I have missed her altogether: let me be thankful that she has come so near to me in this one."

"Do you know what you are saying, Franz?"

"Very clearly, Louis. I have always believed with the oldest philosophers that souls were created in pairs, and that it is permitted them in their toilsome journey back to purity and heaven sometimes to meet and comfort each other. Do you think I saw Christine for the first time in your uncle's parlor? Louis, I have fairer and grander memories of her than any linked to this life. I must leave her now for a little. God knows when and where we meet again; but *He does know*; that is my hope and consolation."

Whatever were Louis's private opinions about Franz's theology, it was impossible to dissent at that hour, and he took his friend's last instructions and farewell with such gentle, solemn feelings as had long been strange to his heart.

In the afternoon Franz was driven out to Christine's. It was the last physical effort he was capable of. No one saw the parting of those two souls. He went with Christine's arms around him, and her lips whispering tender, hopeful farewells. It was noticed, however, that after Franz's death a strange change came over Christine—a beautiful nobility and calmness of character, and a gentle setting of her life to the loftiest aims.

Louis said she had been wonderfully moved by the papers Franz left. The ten letters she had written during the spring-time of their love went to the grave with him, but the rest were of such an extraordinary nature that Louis could not refrain from showing them to his cousin, and then at her request leaving them for her to dispose of. They were indeed letters written to herself under every circumstance of her life, and directed to every place in which she had sojourned. In all of them she was addressed as "Beloved Wife of my Soul," and in this way the poor fellow had consoled his breaking, longing heart.

To some of them he had written imaginary answers, but as these all referred to a financial secret known only to the parties concerned in Christine's and his own sacrifice, it was proof positive that he had written only for his own comfort. But it was perhaps well they fell into Christine's hands: she could not but be a better woman for

reading the simple records of a strife which set perfect unselfishness and child-like submission as the goal of its duties.

Seven years after Franz's death Christine and her daughter died together of the Roman fever, and James Barker Clarke junior was left sole inheritor of Franz's wealth.

"A German dreamer!"

Ah, well, there are dreamers, and dreamers. And perchance he that seeks fame, and he that seeks gold, and he that seeks power, may all alike, when this shadowy existence is over, look back upon life "as a dream when one awaketh."

IN CLOVER.

LOVELY, sunny, summer day,
In a hammock swinging,
Sea-waves brightly flashing near,
Happy birds a-singing,
Hum of pipe and hum of bee,
Whir of insects blending
In a dreamy symphony,
Rings of smoke ascending
On the air to break and fade,
Green boughs arching over,
Fragrance borne on every breeze—
Isn't he in clover?

Flower-dotted grass beneath,
Blue sky o'er him smiling,
Pretty girl on either side
Pleasantly beguiling—
One with fan and shade whose tints
With the wings are vying
Of the gorgeous butterflies
Gayly round them flying,
One with book from which she reads
Song of maid and lover
In a voice of melody—
Isn't he in clover?

IRISH CHARACTER.

AN Irishman has great quickness of apprehension, and it appears in nothing more than in sudden retorts and repartees. The rhyme once applied to the "merrie monarch" of England may almost as justly be quoted of him:

"He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one."

The very beggars have natural eloquence and tact that is irresistible; and when solicitation fails, their powers of sarcasm and imprecation are wonderful. They have, indeed, great incitement to importunity, for among them a penny can very well be made to furnish provision for a day. Girls and boys will run by the side of a stage-coach for miles in hopes of a few halfpence from travellers. In Scotland it is rare to find an importunate beggar, but in Ireland it is impossible to encounter one of any other description. To a stranger the common Irish are obliging and civil, and in this respect differ from the same class in England. In the latter country nothing can be more rude and insolent than the behavior of the common people, but in Ireland one can hardly ask a favor within the power of the individual but that it is readily granted.

An Irishman is a loquacious creature, and has a strange confusion of speech, or a sort of transposition of ideas, which gives rise to what is known as an "Irish bull." He speaks as he acts, upon the first impulse, and begins to express a thought the moment that it strikes him, and often before he has any distinct idea of what he intends to say. His mind is a mirror, and his speech discloses all the figures that pass before it, no matter how entangled or confused. He generally answers a question, not like the Yankee, by asking another, but by repeating it. When a traveller asks for post-horses, he will almost invariably receive the reply, "Is it post-horses ye're askin' for?"

There is little reverence or affection among the Irish for the gentry or land-owners; and although many of the leases are sufficiently long for the advantage of the tenants, there are few who will make any improvements in their dwellings. A traveller once asked a tenant why he made no effort to better the condition of his farm, and received the conclusive answer: "Sure I've only twenty-one years' lase, and nine of 'em gone; and to make the ground better would be only raisin' the rint on meself, an' I wish to kape the bit of land at the same rint for the childer anyhow." Ireland is a country of expedients. The remedy for bad fences is to tie together the legs of quadrupeds with ropes of straw. Two goats are as inseparably yoked as were ever Chang and Eng, and even fowls are fettered. A sheep is confined by a rope to a stake, which is removed to a different spot when he has consumed all the pasturage within his circle.

The higher orders of the Irish are distinguished for their hospitality and frankness, but this sketch of Irish character is drawn from the lower class. The latter are devoted to amusement, and there is no assemblage of common people without a dance. Whenever a family is able, they always secure the services of a dancing master, whose charges are usually exceedingly low. Sunday is a day that is always devoted to amusement among the Catholics, and they take every advantage of the holidays in which the Romish Church is so liberal. The Sunday cake never fails in its attraction. This is a huge cake purchased by subscription and placed on a distaff in a field near an ale-house. It is the prize awarded to the best dancer or archest wag in the assemblage. The piper is a necessary part of the festival, and he is seated on the ground, with a hole dug before him, in which he receives presents from the company as remuneration for his services. The club known by the name of *shillalah* is a general accompaniment at all such entertainments, where it is sometimes put to other uses than those of a walking-stick. The facility with which the Irish give way to anger was supposed by some writers to have supplied the name of their country—Ireland, or the Land of Ire.

The Irish are not selfish, except in treating with their superiors, when it is usual for them to exhibit a greed and sharpness inconsistent with their general character. Among his equals it is so much an Irishman's natural impulse to give, that charity with him is scarcely a virtue. He has, indeed, little to bestow; but in seasons of plenty or in famine, and at all times, in truth, the beggar is held to have as good a title to whatever the cabin contains as the master himself. Their domestic affections are remarkably strong; and there is not, in the whole island, so much desertion of children by parents or parents by children as can be found within the walls of a single poor-house in England. Orphans are distributed among the different cabins, where there is little distinction made between them and the children of the family.

The Irish, as a people, are to a great extent faithful to their trusts. That such fidelity is one of their characteristics has been shown in many instances in the case of armed and other political associations in which they have combined. Disabilities, political, civil, and ecclesiastical, have been imposed upon them, and it is only of late that they have been in some degree emancipated. The nation has been divided, sometimes by the policy of the government, into internal parties, which have often committed most horrible outrages. But these have been the effect of oppression acting upon a temperament naturally ardent, rather than the outbreak of character in itself cruel and ferocious.

FALLACIES OF THE LEARNED.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE, in his *Vulgar Errors*, or, to give the work its proper title, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, enumerates a vast number of amusing mistakes, which owe their origin not so much to the ignorance of the people at large as to the strange wrong-headedness of individual men of learning. Classical writers especially must have been a credulous race; and even the fathers of the Church, whose business it assuredly was to keep clear of superstition, failed to exercise anything like due care in forming their belief upon the most ordinary matters. Often, indeed, when a costless experiment or a moment's thought would have been amply sufficient to prove the incorrectness of an opinion, these writers seem, out of sheer laziness, to have retained without comment the most startling ideas and the most inconsistent principles; and under such circumstances it is not astounding that the giant-tongued physician felt called upon to set people right.

Seneca, Claudian, Basil, Augustine, Gregory, Jerome, and perhaps Thucydides, agreed in the belief that crystal is simply ice strongly congealed; and such men as Scaliger, Albertus Magnus, and Brassavolus assented to the proposition. It is, however, but fair to say that there were always opponents of this theory. Pliny denied the assertion, and in his company we find Agricola, Diodorus Siculus, Cœsius Bernardus, and others. Of course the test of specific gravity settles the matter at once. As for astronomical and geographical fallacies, their name is Legion. Xenophanes asserted that the earth had no bottom, Thales Milesius averred that it floated in water, and almost every old writer had his own pet craze about the problem. A glimpse at the monkish map of the world which is still preserved in Hereford Cathedral will prove the unsystematic nature of the topographical studies in much later days; but such errors are too numerous to be more than briefly hinted at, and fallacies respecting crystals and precious stones afford by themselves sufficient matter for a tolerably long dissertation. To them, therefore, let us keep for the present. Pliny believed that the diamond will suspend or prevent the attraction of the loadstone if placed between it and a piece of iron; and although the problem was one capable of speedy solution by experiment, he went on to ascribe the same remarkable property to the plant garlic. Eusebius Nierembergius, a learned Spaniard, had his own private craze. He imagined that the human body, left to turn as it would, would always point its head to the north; and it is hard to understand how this and most of the other fallacies connected with the loadstone escaped detection by experiment. Lœlius Bisciola, for instance, asserted that one ounce of iron added to ten ounces of loadstone would only produce a total weight of ten ounces; and Apollonius and Beda join in testifying that there are certain loadstones which attract only at night; while other learned authorities affirm that the mineral in question, when burned, gives off an unbearable stench, and that, if preserved in certain salts, it has the power of attracting gold, even out of the deepest wells.

That the diamond may be broken or softened by the blood of a goat was at one time a matter of almost universal belief. Pliny, Solinus, Albertus, Isidore, Augustine, and Cyprian, all express their faith in it; and the fallacy has certainly the advantage of being at least a poetical one, for it is undoubtedly based on the Christian principle that the blood of Christ, the sin-offering, can soften the hardest heart. Yet its symbolic meaning appears to have been completely lost sight of by its later advocates; and Alexander Ross, while agreeing with Browne that goat's blood does not affect the diamond, hints that nevertheless it does indubitably soften some kinds of adamant—an idea no less indefinite than unfounded.

It may astonish some people to learn how wrong-headed even Aristotle was in similar matters. He asserted, among other things, that a vessel full of ashes will contain as much water as it will when empty; and in another passage he states, with perhaps a greater show of reason, that bolts and arrows grow red-hot in the course of rapid flight through the air. This, however, is, we know, incorrect. A candle may be fired from a gun so as to pass through a board; and although a leaden bullet or an iron ball may splash and even melt upon impact on a hard substance, it is not the motion, but the sudden arrest of that motion, which generates the necessary amount of heat. Another common article of belief with ancient sages was that coral is soft under water, and only hardens when exposed to the air. Browne easily confuted the adherents of this view, but fell into equal error when he affirmed coral to be a plant. The amethyst was said to prevent drunkenness; a diamond placed beneath a wife's pillow was supposed to betray her infidelity; the sapphire was considered a preservative against enchantments; and the smoke of the agate was relied on to avert a tempest. Most of the writers of the Middle Ages believed that cinnamon, ginger, cloves, and nutmegs are the produce of the same tree; that the bay, the fig-tree, eagles, and seal-skins afford protection from lightning; and that the use of bitter almonds is an effectual guard against intoxication. Two fallacies are attached to the herb basil. Hollerius declared that it propagated scorpions; while Oribasius, on the other hand, asserted that it was an antidote to the sting of those insects. One great authority, quoted by Browne, states that an ivy cup has the property of separating wine from water, the former soaking through, but the latter remaining. Sir Thomas seriously tried the experiment, but in vain; whereupon a hostile critic ascribed the failure to the "weakness of our racked wines." Another sage wrote that cucumbers had the power of killing by their natural cold; and yet another stated that no snake can endure the shade of an ash-tree.

Ctesias, the Cnidian, who lived A.D. 380, reported that the elephant has no joints, that consequently it is unable to lie down, and is in the habit of sleeping as it rests against a tree in its native forest. This peculiarity, he stated, is taken advantage of by the hunters, who cut down the tree, whereupon the huge beast rolls helplessly over on its back, and is easily captured or dispatched. The real facts are that elephants often sleep standing, and that the wilder ones seldom lie down. Yet tame elephants as often sleep lying as standing. Christophorus à Costa declared that elephants have been known to speak; and this question is one which even Sir Thomas Browne never ventured to contradict—he thought it might be possible.

The vulgar error that moles are blind is derived from the statements of Aristotle and Pliny; but there is actually in Greece an indigenous animal, known as the rat-mole, which is blind. Alexander Ross innocently expresses his conviction that the eyes of the English mole are for ornament and nothing else; and in connection with this matter even the wary Sir Thomas Browne commits himself by declaring that no animal can possess more than two eyes. Pliny, Solinus, and Ovid held that the chameleon lives entirely upon air. Similarly general was the idea that the ostrich is able to digest iron. Plato appears to be primarily responsible for the notion that swans sing very sweetly before death; and the idea took deep root, although Pliny denied it, as he did the belief that storks will live only in republics and free states. There was a prevalent idea that the lion is afraid of the cock; and Camerarius, to contradict it, cited the case of a lion springing into a farm-yard and devouring all the poultry. Whereupon Ross confidently averred that the lion in question must have been mad. Such wrong-headed reasoning as this it was that kept alive these and similar fallacies in the brains of men who ought to have known better.

HOW TO TAKE YOUR HOLIDAY.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

WHOEVER wishes to thoroughly enjoy his autumnal trip or holiday, and gain health therefrom, will do well first and foremost to consider where and how he should spend it. Probably it would be as well to consult his own physician, to tell the doctor exactly how he feels, and get his advice as to whether a relaxing, bracing, or sedative climate is most suitable for his special case; whether there should be during the holidays as much moving about as possible and as much change of scene, or whether it would be better to seek out some quiet healthy watering-place, and there, far from the bustle and stir of life, far from business care and worry, enjoy in peace the *dolce far niente*.

One object of the invalid—for such it is best for the reader to consider himself—ought to be to reach his destination with as little trouble and fatigue as possible. He ought not to lumber himself with too much luggage; he ought to pack at least a week before starting, making sure he forgets no necessary, and he should never trust to getting articles he wants at the place he is going to. To be sure, he may procure them, probably by paying two prices, but at the very moment he may want to use some little luxury, he will find it most inconvenient to have to send out for it. Many parcels and packages are to be avoided. Flannels are never to be forgotten, for even in places where the sun is warmest during the day, it will usually be found that the mornings and evenings are chilly, damp, and dangerous. People who are reckless and careless as to their clothing seldom escape learning one good though somewhat severe lesson, which generally serves them for the rest of their lives.

Take any medicine with you that your doctor may think suitable to your case, but do not forget that in autumn, especially by the sea-side, one is liable to several ailments, which, taken in time, are easily remediable. One or two of them it is my duty to specially mention, and the intending tourist will do well to be fore-armed, and take in his chest the medicines I recommend for their cure.

Feverishness (*febricula*) may be caused in many ways, but means ought to be taken for its subjection. The symptoms are unhappily too well known to need description; the sense of uneasiness, the nervousness, excitability, the feeling of pain and soreness ascribed to the bones, and the high temperature, are familiar to us all. Good will generally be done by sponging the body with cold water and toilet vinegar. Perfect quiet and rest should be obtained; the room in which the patient lies should be partially darkened only if the light annoys him, but very well ventilated. Cold acidulated drinks should be taken, and a dose of Rochelle salts. Oranges may be partaken of if found agreeable, and the food be given on the plan of little and often, but at the same time it should be palatable, easy of digestion, and nutritious. This treatment will remove simple fever in a day or two, and if it does not, the services of a medical man are to be procured, and his advice followed, not only as regards physic, but food and drink.

A bottle of sal volatile is useful in many ways—for faintness, acidity of the secretions, common colds, etc.; it should therefore always find a place, well secured in a stoppered bottle, in the medicine chest. Care ought to be taken during an autumn holiday not to expose any portion of the body to draughts when heated and fatigued. If cold is thus caught, an extra or a warmer flannel should be worn, the feet and legs should be bathed well at night in hot water and mustard, and a sleeping draught should be taken—not a narcotic from the chemist, but simply a bottle of lemonade with a little good whiskey in it. Put an extra blanket on the bed, take an aperient pill, and next day guard the system from exposure.

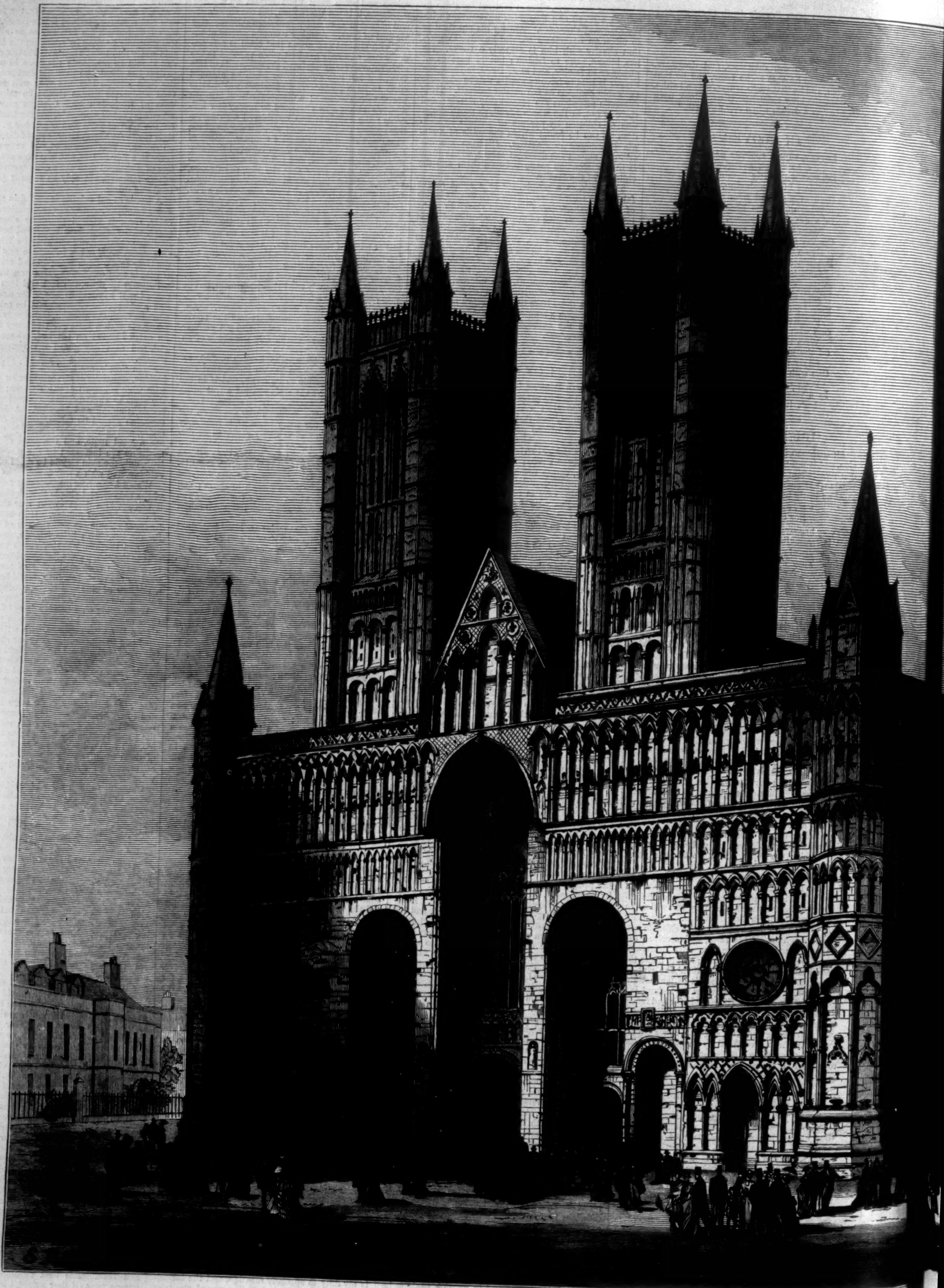
Some people are troubled during the autumn holiday, especially if the weather be very warm, with what is known as prickly-heat; the skin of the arms or chest becomes covered with reddish points, tingling and burning. A little cooling medicine should be taken, simpler diet, less exercise, and lighter under-clothing. Quinine pills are a good tonic, and the good effects of this medicine are increased by the morning sponge-bath, only the skin should be dried without much rubbing, and with a soft towel.

We all know how disagreeable a thing chafing of the skin is, and simple though the ailment be, it can yet to a great extent mar the enjoyment of our autumnal holiday. It is best prevented by great cleanliness and the use of Castile soap for the bath, with little friction, moderate exercise, and the avoidance of rough under-clothing next to the skin; some light astringent ointment, such as the benzoated oxide of zinc, should be used, or the chafed surface should be dusted with a mixture of zinc and chalk, procurable at any respectable chemist's shop.

When going on a holiday do not forget to take three or four nice bath towels with you, and also a good large bath sponge, with an India-rubber-lined bag to contain it. Let your chest also contain plenty of light warm socks, light shoes, strong walking shoes, and slippers, a soft hat, and a straw hat, if you care to wear such; at all events, pay particular attention to the comfort of head and feet. You will not forget umbrella and waterproof, the latter only to be worn in a shower; and I may here say a word in favor of paper collars and fronts. They are not only handy, but the paper front is the best chest-protector possible, and I do not hesitate to say that the wearing of them when travelling would oftentimes ward off attacks of chest disease, and probably save valuable lives.

I leave it to the reader himself, or to his physician, to choose his place of abode during the autumn holiday, but I sincerely advise him to avoid all kinds of hurry and excitement, whether in travelling or doing anything else, to avoid the use of stimulants, to beware of cold, wet, draughts, or too much sunshine. Rise betimes, always at the same hour, and begin the day with the cold or tepid salt-water bath, obtaining free action of the skin by the evening soft water and soap warm bath once in three days.

Fruit in the morning is invaluable, and the best kind is good oranges, eaten before breakfast. Prunes after dinner have also a laxative and cooling tendency. Now, as the great object of the autumn holiday is to quiet the nervous system, and re-invigorate the system for the winter campaign at desk or counter, we should carefully attend to what and how we eat. A short stay at any healthy watering-place will soon tend to increase the appetite, and we should take advantage of this to live well for the time being, avoiding, however, meats and vegetables that are difficult to digest. Coffee is better for breakfast than tea; fish, too, should always be eaten with this meal, with a little steak or chop, and a boiled egg, with a fair allowance of good bread and butter, and it is an excellent plan to finish up with a tumblerful of cool rich milk. This, even in the most bracing climate, should sustain one till about 1.30 P.M., the best hour for luncheon. If faint between meals, a little lemonade and a dry biscuit should be taken, but beer greatly disturbs the process of digestion, and spirits are apt to unnecessarily augment the flow of the gastric juice, and in delicate constitutions to cause acidity of the stomach, with flatulence. The luncheon should be fairly substantial, and soup therewith does good. If a feeling of weariness follows this meal, one ought to lie down for an hour; but whether or not, no exercise should be taken after lunch, for some time, at least. Dinner may be taken at six o'clock. It should never be hurried. Cheerful company at dinner is a great aid to digestion. While at the sea-side one may partake with benefit of several dishes, including soup and white-fish, and concluding with light puddings and fruit. The best vegetables are potatoes, greens, peas (if they agree), turnips, spinach, and raw tomatoes. The last is a most invaluable blood-purifier.



ENGLISH CHURCH ARCHITECTURE

...CTURE ...OLN CATHEDRAL.—[See Page 506.]

THE GO-BETWEEN.

BESIDE the fire fair Molly sat,
Beside it purred her tabby cat—
A tidy, silken-furred Maltese;
And far removed, upon the scene,
Love-smitten Jack, with bashful mien,
Threw furtive glances, ill at ease.

To speak or move he did not dare,
But sat in blushing, mute despair,
And wished, a thousand times repeated,
That he could slyly steal away,
And come again some other day,
When less distraught and overheated.

But ah, poor Jack! though fain to go,
He would not for the world; for so
Perverse are love-struck lads and men.
He'd rather martyrdoms a score
Endure than "make his bow" before
The warning church bell counted ten.

For Jack, arrayed in Sunday best,
And hope high beating in his breast,
Had come his honest suit to press.
"Alas! if Molly only knew!"
He sighed, as on the minutes flew;
"If she my errand could but guess!"

But slowly up the clock's broad face
The hour-hand crept with measured pace;
And 'round the nimbler pointer hurried,
Till scarce a fleeting minute lacked,
While keener pains poor Johnny racked;
His cheeks ablaze, his heart more flurried.

Just then—what kind, propitious Fate
Moved Tabby, ere it was too late,
Jack's knee to spring upon and sit?
But so it was. And quick as thought,
At pussy's deed Sir Bashful caught,
With desperate haste and happy wit.

"Go ask thy mistress, kitty dear"—
So spake the lad, with heart of fear—
"*Will she be mine?*" and gently then
Placed Tabby by the maiden's side.
"Puss, tell him *yes*," sweet Moll replied.
And loud the church bell counted ten.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "AT HER MERCY," "BRED IN THE BONE," "BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK," "WALTER'S WORD," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "HIGH SPIRITS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MR. SIGNET HAS A BAD QUARTER OF AN HOUR.

ON Tuesday morning, when Mr. Signet arrived at his office, he found a business note awaiting him, couched in studiously matter-of-fact language. It was written, to be sure, on pink paper, and had a crest on it that was meant to look as like a coronet as any crest could be which was not one; but then that was the way in which Lady Pargiter's business letters always arrived.

"Lady Pargiter begs to inform Mr. Signet that she will require her diamonds on Friday evening next, at ten o'clock."

This simple communication, of which he had received scores before, worded almost precisely in the same manner, almost took the jeweller's breath away. If she had added the postscript which she sometimes did, "Lady Pargiter requests that the person sent with the jewels will be punctual" (though Matthew was always in time), the communication could scarcely have more completely ignored all that had taken place since that fatal Friday.

Mr. Signet's impulse was to sit down and write a violent letter assuring her ladyship that if her hypocrisy was intended to impose on him in any way, it was altogether thrown away, and hinting that if anybody in *his* (Mr. Signet's) opinion was more likely than another to know what had become of Mr. Helston and the jewels, it was Lady Pargiter herself; but he had the prudence to wait for Mr. Brail's arrival, before committing himself to this step.

The detective, though by no means so much moved by her ladyship's letter as his employer had been, attached to it even a greater significance.

"I don't mind being in hot water, Mr. Signet," he said. "Strong language and hustling, and even a rough and tumble with an ugly customer, are quite in my line, but I must feel my feet wherever I go; this water is too *deep* for me, and I can not pretend to advise you. You must call in a solicitor. Her ladyship has done so already; I'll take my oath of it."

"How do you know that?"

"Lor' bless you, that note is not her writing, or leastways somebody guided her pen. You should have seen her the other day, when I had the honor to call upon her; she was more like a wild-cat than a baronet's lady, and all because of these same jewels. If left to herself, she couldn't have written on the subject in this quiet style: no, she's writing under advice. 'It is not your business,' some lawyer has been saying to her, 'whether Mr. Signet has the diamonds or not: you needn't be supposed to know anything about it. Just write, as usual, *I want them by such a date:* then see what he'll say.' They don't want to strike the first blow, Mr. Signet."

"I don't like lawyers," said the jeweller. "One generally finds, when one employs them, that the setting costs more than the stone. Moreover, they so contrive matters—with this and that legal proceeding, and their confounded phraseology, which I believe is written with the ink of the cuttle-fish, so that no one should be able to follow it—that the client loses sight of his own case when once committed to their keeping. For my part, I like to see where I'm going, not to be led like a blind man—to be run over by a wagon-load of steel rails, perhaps, after all."

"That is a way they have, no doubt," assented Mr. Brail, coolly. "Still, I should send for Cripps."

Cripps & Archdale were, as the detective was well aware, Messrs. Star & Signet's legal advisers. They dwelt in the East, and were thought to be wise men, after the fashion of the children of this world.

"The first thing Cripps will do," urged the jeweller, "is to put John Rutherford in jail. He has come across so very few honest men in his lifetime, that he scarcely believes in their existence."

"His experience, however, is no better as regards the other sex," argued Mr. Brail. "He won't take it for granted that Lady Pargiter herself is the driven snow. He ain't like the rest of the human race, the natural enemy of a cabman, because, you see, his clients pay for his cabs."

Perhaps Mr. Signet did not take this circumstance into sufficient account, or perhaps he had a secret suspicion that except in his own eyes the case against Lady Pargiter—so far, at all events, as it was affected by Mr. Rutherford's evidence—would appear a weak one; but for the present at least he declined to call in the services of his lawyer.

"No, Brail, I'd rather trust to you to catch her ladyship tripping: when you've put the salt upon her tail, it will be time enough to call in Cripps. I suppose we must take some notice of the woman's letter?"

"Of course, sir; not to do so would be to betray weakness, and yet we must not commit ourselves by putting pen to paper. My advice is that you will call in Moor Street and answer it by word of mouth."

"Don't you think *you'd* better go, Brail?"

"Well, if you're afraid of her ladyship," returned the detective.

"Afraid! what should I be afraid of?" interrupted the jeweller, with a flush of color that showed how the imputation had gone home. "She can't snap my nose off." Mr. Brail shook his head, but by no means in negation; on the contrary, his face seemed to say, "I am not so sure of that."

"You see, sir, it's my business to be snapped at," said he, presently; "and even if I were to lose my nose, it would be but the fortune of war. I have no sort of objection to go to Lady Pargiter's; but what would be the good of it? Her eyes are now open to the fact that I am in your employment; she would not be so frank with me—though it is true she lied considerably even then—as upon the last occasion; whereas to you—as a principal, although her enemy—she would speak her mind."

Mr. Signet did not look as if this prospect was very grateful to him; no doubt it was desirable to learn if possible what Lady Pargiter had in her mind, but to hear her speak it—or even a piece of it—was not a treat to look forward to. On his native heath—in the establishment in Poulet Street—Mr. Signet knew how to meet his enemy; but in Moor Street—among her ladyship's minions, or, still worse, alone with her, with no help within call, he felt that he should be at a disadvantage. He could not be said to be in bodily fear—though if he had really believed that she had made away with his representative, that might of course have been possible—but he was certainly much dismayed at the notion of a *tête-à-tête* with her.

"I suppose, if I went," said Mr. Signet (for it was pleasant to him to feel that he had still the alternative of not going), "my line would be to hear all she has to say, and to answer as little as possible."

"Just so; only you must stick to your guns, you know."

"Why, really, Brail, one would think you took me for a coward," exclaimed the jeweller. He felt very indignant with his companion, and not the less so that he was conscious of a certain moisture upon his brow caused by his own secret misgivings.

"Not at all, not at all," protested the detective; "but I know the influence of women. The arguments of a lady of title in her own house have a certain—what shall I call it?—impetus."

"Oh, damn her impetus!" returned the jeweller. "She won't argue me out of £25,000.—Well, well, I'll go myself, then, to Moor Street this afternoon."

Mr. Brail replied, "Very good," but there was a twitching at the corners of his mouth which betrayed that he was amused. He believed that his employer had fixed the afternoon instead of the morning for his visit, in hopes that he might find Lady Pargiter not at home.

If this had been Mr. Signet's expectation, it was doomed to disappointment; he timed his call (which certainly gave some color to Mr. Brail's view) at an hour when a lady of fashion is almost certain to be visiting her acquaintances, but his inquiry as to whether her ladyship was within was answered in the affirmative, and he was shown up at once into her boudoir. He had been to Moor Street before, and he felt that there was a difference in the mode of his present reception. He could not be aware, of course, of what was actually the case, that her ladyship had been waiting for him, with impatience, throughout the day, and had given orders that no one else was to be admitted to her presence; but when he heard the front door clang behind him, he felt that he would have given five pounds to be on the other side of it. Nor did he like being ushered past the usual reception-rooms to her lady's sanctum on the second floor.

She was sitting at her escritoire when he entered the room, writing, or pretending to write, a letter.

She bowed and pointed to a chair, and for a few moments continued her occupation. Whether her doing so was an intentional impertinence or not, its effect was unfortunate for her, for it gave Mr. Signet time to collect his ideas, and, to say truth, to still a certain fluttering in the region of his heart, caused by the thought that his duel with this formidable antagonist, and on which so much depended, was about to begin.

"You got my note, I conclude, this morning, Mr. Signet?" she presently observed, with some abruptness.

"Yes, Lady Pargiter; I am here in consequence of it."

She lifted her eyebrows, or rather (for she had none to lift) the skin of her forehead. She intended to signify, in an indifferent way, "Why have you taken so much trouble? a post card would have done as well." But her eyes belied her would-be careless look: they were fierce and wolfish.

"I thought, my lady, your communication a very extraordinary one, considering the circumstances of the case."

"My communication?" Here her brow came down, instead of up, in spite of herself. "Do you mean my note?"

"Yes, madam. You can not but be aware that your diamonds are not at present in my possession."

"You are very much mistaken, Mr. Signet, for I believe they are." The insult, and its suggestion, were unmistakable. Mr. Signet's swarthy face turned pale, and he did not answer her for some moments.

"I should have thought, madam, that you could scarcely have been ignorant," he said, speaking very slowly, "that since Friday morning last, when Mr. Helston called on you by appointment as usual, he has mysteriously disappeared."

"I have heard something of that—yes" (she affected to consider); "there was a paragraph about it in one of the papers."

"And a policeman called here also, I understood," suggested Mr. Signet. His voice was low, but very clear: Lady Pargiter was still studiously indifferent. It was like the slow scrape of the rapiers before the quick thrust and parry.

"Yes; I saw him. He told me, as you say, that your confidential agent was missing. I was sorry for you, of course, but I did not think it necessary to condole with you in my note; it was only a letter of business, to tell you that I should want my diamonds on Friday."

"Still, as the man was lost in your service, Lady Pargiter, as much as in my own, and more, one would have thought you would have alluded to it, unless you had reasons to the contrary. His disappearance has afflicted his unhappy wife and family beyond expression."

"So I read in the newspaper, Mr. Signet. Still, as I had not the pleasure of their acquaintance, I did not condole with *them*. Perhaps you have come about some subscription for them; if so, I must decline my aid to any such purpose. Mr. Helston was in your service; as to his being in mine, if I had had any voice in the matter, which I had not, I should have preferred some one else. You knew his worth, it seems; I didn't; and of course it is to you his family must look for recompense."

"You take a hard view of the case, Lady Pargiter."

"Hard? I take no view of the case at all, Mr. Signet. Pray let us have done with Mr. Helston."

"And yet you must know that with Mr. Helston your diamonds have also disappeared?"

"I may know it, or believe it, from report; but I have no official information—that is, from yourself—about it In any case, however, the matter does not concern me. When I say I want my diamonds on Friday, that means I must either have them or their equivalent. The precise sum agreed upon in our memorandum—I have got a duplicate of it somewhere—was, I think, £25,000."

"Then, even while this affair remains a mystery, and Mr. Helston (whom I believe to be as innocent as your ladyship in this matter) is still only under suspicion, you would press for what you deem your legal rights?"

"Most certainly I shall do so."

"Perhaps you have not considered, Lady Pargiter, that the very fact of my allowing your claim at this stage of the matter—supposing that I did so—would brand by implication Mr. Matthew Helston as a thief."

"I have certainly not considered that, Mr. Signet; it is a contingency that has never entered into my thoughts, nor does it affect me now one feather's weight. You are taking up my time, sir, to no purpose. On Friday next—as I wrote to you—I demand of you either my diamonds or your money. I have nothing more to say."

She half turned to her desk as if to resume her writing, but he noticed that she still watched him—and with anxiety, too—from the corner of her eye.

"My diamonds or your money," he repeated to himself, fiercely. "Why, this woman is like a highwayman with his, 'Your money or your life.' Nay, she *is* a highwayman; a robber—for aught I know, a murderer. I will never pay her a sixpence."

Then he answered, with quiet distinctness as before, "You urge your claim with great severity, madam; with a harshness, indeed, that reminds me of Shylock."

"Of *who?*" inquired Lady Pargiter, who, perhaps fortunately for the jeweller, was not a student of Shakspeare.

"Well, I will rather say you remind me of your father, madam, in his strict adhesion to his legal claims. He would always have his bond—and so shall you. The strict letter of it, and not an iota more."

"I don't want any more than £25,000, Mr. Signet," replied the other, coldly; "that is, if it is paid by Friday. After that date I shall require the interest, at five per cent. I think that was mentioned in the memorandum?"

"It was, Lady Pargiter. I have been refreshing my memory with that document this morning. It especially makes me responsible for the jewels in the person of my agent, whose receipt—

He paused here by design. The boudoir was at the back of the house, removed from all noise and movement; there were but three things that struck upon his ear as he spoke that pregnant word—the beating of his own heart, the ticking of the French clock upon the mantel-piece, and the breathing of Lady Pargiter, which had suddenly become hard and loud. In her intense excitement that equine peculiarity she had of "snorting" had been involuntarily developed; her eyes had grown unnaturally prominent. Mr. Signet felt certain that the waiting-maid's information was to be relied on.

"—In the person of my agent, whose receipt," continued he, with great distinctness, "shall be considered a full discharge of all responsibility on the part of Lady Pargiter—you hold that receipt, of course, my lady?"

For the moment he thought she would have struck him, and drew back mechanically. As she stretched out her long scraggy neck, and beaked face, with its purple flush, it reminded him of some angry vulture in the Zoological Gardens. "You scoundrel!" she shrieked; "you thief!"

"Ah! you have not got it, then," said Mr. Signet, his triumph overpowering his fears. "If you had, it would have been no matter. I have the cabman's evidence that my agent remained here, and your own disproved falsehood about sending your footman after him, to back it. I should therefore have declined to pay forfeit to you in any case; but now—now that I know you have not got the receipt—I will never pay you one penny. You want your legal rights, do you? You shall have them; try them, claim them, push them—and see what comes of it."

If Lady Pargiter looked like a vulture, it should be added in fairness that her antagonist resembled a cockatoo: every word he uttered was delivered with a jerk of his head and body, to signify at once both victory and defiance. There was little wanting, in fact, to his similitude to the bird except the crest, and this he in part supplied by clapping his hat on in her ladyship's presence, and toddling rapidly from the room.

Not, however, before Lady Pargiter's voice reached him, laden with menace as well as reproaches.

"Cheat! thief! liar!" she cried, "you have suborned my waiting-maid; but it shall not avail you. To-morrow—see what I will do to-morrow; look in the paper to-morrow morning, Mr. Signet." And then again came her "Cheat! thief! liar!" like the refrain of some cadger's song in a new *Beggar's Opera*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

AN English writer in calling attention to the one architectural fault to be found with Lincoln Cathedral—the low vaulting—goes on to say, "So grand and impressive is the whole that the spectator feels a sense of insignificance; and awe-struck in the midst of such a beautiful temple, owns that genius alone could not have conceived such a pile; and that they dreamed not of a perishable home, those who could thus build." There can be no doubt that this cathedral is one of the most imposing religious edifices to be found in the world. This results partly from the grandeur of the building itself and partly from its situation.

In regard to eligibility of site, Lincoln has no rival among English cathedrals. It rises on its "sovereign hill," a conspicuous landmark from every part of the surrounding country. Its towers are in full view as the traveller ascends the steep High Street of the town, and winds up toward the Close. As he passes beyond the gateway, the east end of the building and the chapter-house with its buttresses first appear. The road then proceeds close under the south side of the cathedral, the lines of which are varied by projecting chapels and porches to an unusual extent. An entire new church seems open after passing the galilee porch, and finally the west front appears, with its towers rising behind it. No cathedral is richer or more varied in its outlines, although Lincoln may perhaps be exceeded in the interest of its details.

The cathedral is built throughout from stone from the oolite beds in the immediate neighborhood, which, though it blackens on exposure to the air, is almost indestructible, and completely retains the sharpness of its structure. The first church, built by Bishop REMIGIUS, of Fecamp, on the plan of that of Rouen, was consecrated four days after his death, on May 6, 1092, in the presence of two cardinal legates, eight archbishops, and sixteen bishops. The central part of the west front and the font are of this period. After two disastrous fires, occurring in 1123 and 1141, Bishop ALEXANDER, the magnificent, built the three western portals, the Norman portion of the west towers above the screen to the top of their third stories, and vaulted the nave. "It equalled the beauty of its youth, and fell short of no church in England." Bishop St. HUGH, of Avalon or Grenoble, who shouldered the hod and wrought with his own hands as a mason (his architect being GODFREY DE NOIERS, probably an Englishman), commenced the chapter-house, and added the choir, the choir transept, or new work, with its apsidal chapels, resembling the Burgundian abbey of Cluny; rebuilt the whole east side of the main transept, and added to the west side as high as the second tier of windows. "A noble work, a famous structure," as a royal letter sent out in 1205 styled it. On March 4, 1192, the cathedral was dedicated. Into it the kings of England and Scotland, JOHN and WILLIAM the Lion, carried the bier of the bishop.

The cathedral church consists of a nave with its aisles, a transept at the west end, and two other transepts, one near the centre, and the other toward the eastern end; also a choir and chancel, with their aisles of corresponding height and width. The great transept has an aisle toward the east. Attached to the western side of this transept is a galilee, or grand porch. On the southern side of the eastern aisle are two orato-

rios, or private chapels, while the north side has one of nearly similar shape and character. Branching from the northern side are cloisters which communicate with the chapter-house. The church is ornamented with three towers, one at the centre and two at the western end. Previous to the year 1808 the latter were surmounted by central spires, the height of which was 101 feet. The great tower in the centre of the church, from the ground to the top of the corner pinnacle, is 300 feet. The exterior length of the church, with its buttresses, is 524 feet, and the width 80 feet.

Various chapels were erected and chantries founded in connection with Lincoln, for the interment of the great and the performance of mass to propitiate the Deity in favor of their departed spirits and those of their friends and relations. A chantry was founded within the close of the cathedral by JOAN DE CANTELUPE, in the thirty-first year of the reign of EDWARD III., for a warden and seven chaplains to pray for the soul of NICHOLAS DE CANTELUPE, her husband; as also for her own soul after death, and for the souls of all the faithful departed. Five years later, JOHN WELBOURN, treasurer of the church, founded a chantry. In an ancient MS. of the dean and chapter, containing copies of deeds and charters respecting this chantry, is a curious instrument, which conveys the house that belonged to "ELYE" (ELIAS), the son of a Jew, who was hanged at Lincoln, and the lands of another Jew who was outlawed.

RICHARD FLEMING, Bishop of Lincoln, built a chapel near the north door, where a statue in pontifical robes lies on an altar-tomb of marble. Bishop RUSSELL, in the time of HENRY VII., also built one for his interment on the south side of the presbytery. In imitation of this, during the succeeding reign, Bishop LONGLAND erected another for a like purpose. That nothing might be wanting to render this church as splendid in furniture as it was elegant in its decorations, it received the most lavish donations. Indeed, so sumptuously was it supplied with rich shrines, jewels, and vestments, that DUGDALE informs us HENRY VIII. took out of its immense treasure no less than 2621 ounces of gold and 4285 ounces of silver, besides pearls and precious stones of the most costly kind. In addition to this, the sovereign spoiler possessed himself of two shrines, one called St. HUGH'S, of pure gold, and the other of massy silver, called St. JOHN'S of Alderley. The episcopal mitre of this cathedral is said at that time to have been the richest in the kingdom.

From the time the custom of burying in churches was adopted, to the present, this cathedral has had its share of costly sepultures; its chapels, walls, and columns have been ornamented or disfigured by monumental records and emblems of mortality. When, however, the visitor sees the state of these pious memorials, and compares them with the number and grandeur of those which history shows to have been erected here, he is strongly reminded of the folly of trying to keep a place in the minds of the living by means of monument or lettered stone. Of many of the more important tombs not a vestige remains, nor are the places where they stood known. At the time of the Reformation, cupidity, under the guise of religious zeal, despoiled tomb after tomb for the purpose of discovering secreted wealth. Bishop HOLBECH and Dean HENNEAGE, both violent zealots, caused to be pulled down or defaced most of the handsome tombs, as well as the figures of saints, crucifixes, and other symbols supposed to be especially popish. So great was their zeal that by the close of the year 1548 there was scarcely a perfect tomb or unmutilated statue left. What the flaming zeal of the Reformation spared was attacked by the rage of the fanatics in the time of CHARLES I. In 1645, during the presidency of Bishop WINNIFFE, the brass plates in the walls or flat stones were torn out, the handsome gates of the choir and those of several chantries pulled down, and every remaining beauty which was thought to suggest Romish superstition entirely defaced. As a last act of desecration, the cathedral was made a barracks for Parliamentary soldiers.

A noticeable feature of Lincoln Cathedral is the number of sculptured angels which fill the spandrels of the triforium arches. These rank among the very best examples of early English art, and repay a careful study. With few exceptions the design and style of execution might be applied to works of the present day. Ample compensation for all defects is found in their vigor, freshness, and originality. An authority on matters pertaining to art tells us: "They betray no trace whatever of the stiff Byzantine style so frequent in the English sculpture of the preceding century, and which was still adhered to in the works of the contemporary Italians, CIMABUE, GODDI, DUCCIO, and others; no formal constraint or superstitious enthusiasm, nor any undue employment of allegory (with which they are reproached), offends us in the sculptures of Lincoln; and the freedom and naturalness attributed subsequently to GIOTTO, who was but an infant when these works were executed, are here anticipated, and strike us in every instance. Complete emancipation from any known prototype or prevailing manner is apparent; the artist dealt with his subject and material with all the originality and freedom of a master." All the figures are carved in the same stone employed in building the cathedral. They were wrought in the sculptor's workshop, and were subsequently placed in their positions. This fact is made evident by the wings of the angel with the hawk on his wrist on the south side of the choir. Across these wings the joints of the stone were not adjusted in the cathedral exactly as they had been in the shop. In the blank arches of the gable which forms the eastern end of St. HUGH'S chapel, in a line with the southwest wing of the west front, are three strange and grotesque figures. One of these is popularly supposed to represent the devil looking over Lincoln. "The devil," says FULLER, "is the mass of malice, and his envy (as God's mercy) is over all his works. It grieves him whatever is given to God, crying out with that flesh-devil, 'Ut quid hæc perditio?'—'What needs this waste?' On which account he is supposed to have overlooked this church when first finished, with a torve and tetrick countenance, as maligning men's costly devotion, and that they should be so expensive in God's service. But it is suspicious that some who account themselves saints behold such fabrics with little better looks."

The library of Lincoln Cathedral, over the north side of the cloister, was built by Dean HONEYWOOD, whose portrait by HANNEMAN is still preserved. In this room is a large collection of books, with some curious Roman antiquities. One is a red glazed urn, having at the bottom the maker's name, DONATVS, F. There are also several fragments of pottery, among which are many urns and vessels of various constructions. A very large one of baked earth, unglazed, is of a roundish shape, with a short, narrow neck, to which are affixed two circular handles. This vessel is one foot four inches in diameter, and two feet four inches in height. There is also a very curious glass phial of a bluish-green color, with a handle near the mouth; it is three inches in diameter, by nine and a half inches high. Its contents consist of pieces of bone of too large a size ever to have been put through the aperture. This circumstance has created much surprise, but it would appear that in some instances the Romans, after they had blown the vessels and deposited the sacred relics, again heated the glass, and gave the upper part of it the desired shape. The manuscripts in the library are arranged in the first room at the head of the stairs, and consist for the most part of Latin Bibles, Psalters, Glosses, and Postillæ, on vellum and paper. The most important manuscript is a volume of old English romances, dating about 1430–40, and collected by ROBERT DE THORNTON, Archdeacon of Bedford, who was buried in Lincoln Cathedral. The printed books, about 4500 volumes, are placed in the principal library, extending the whole length of the north wall. The collection is still valuable, but the most remarkable volumes, including seven specimens of CAXTON, were all sold after the visit of Dr. DIBDIN to the library, who became himself the possessor of "certaine bokes," the glories of which he duly set forth to the world in a tract entitled "The Lincolne Nosegay."

Formerly one of the objects of curiosity at Lincoln was "Great Tom." This was the great bell, first cast in 1610 at a temporary foundry set up in the minster yard. In consequence of a fissure, it was broken up in 1834, and, together with six other bells, was recast to form the present large bell and two quarter bells. In 1834 the new bell was hung in the great tower. It weighs five tons eight hundred-weight, and is exactly a ton heavier than its predecessor. Great Tom of Lincoln is, however, exceeded in size by Great Tom of Oxford and Great Peter of Exeter. Round the crown of the bell is the following inscription, repeated from the old bell: "Spiritus Sanctus a Patre et Filio procedens, suaviter sonans ad salutem." Round the lips are the names of the members of the chapter at the time of recasting. This is the only great bell in England which is occasionally swung. The hours are struck on it by a hammer. "We ascended one of the towers to see Great Tom," writes SOUTHEY. "At first it disappointed me; but the disappointment wore off, and we became satisfied that it was as great a thing as it was said to be. A tall man might stand in it upright; the mouth measures one-and-twenty English feet in circumference; and it would be a large tree of which the girth equalled the middle."

Lincoln boasts of fewer illustrious names than most of the other English cathedrals. Her patron saint is HUGH of Avalon, or more frequently called HUGH of Lincoln. There are many lives of him, of which the longest and most important was written by a Benedictine monk, the bishop's chaplain and constant associate. St. HUGH was born about the year 1140, of a noble Burgundian family. Influenced by his father's example, he withdrew from the world at the time of his mother's death, though only a child of some eight or ten years. At the age of eighteen he was ordained deacon, and some time afterward became prior of a convent. Within two or three years he deserted this post, and withdrew to Great Chartreuse, where as a Carthusian monk he spent ten years in the most exemplary devotion. Had he remained there, it is probable that he would have succeeded to the priory of the Grand Chartreuse—a position of proud eminence in the religious world. It was the desire of HENRY II., however, to found a Carthusian monastery in England, and hearing of the piety and austerity of HUGH, he contrived to procure his removal to that country. HUGH did not disappoint the expectations of HENRY, though he for a long time resisted the project of removal. He became the great favorite of the English monarch, and mainly through royal influence and that of Archbishop BALDWIN, of Canterbury, he became Bishop of Lincoln. Seldom has there been a more zealous or indefatigable prelate. The main work of his life was rebuilding the cathedral. A remarkable description of this work is given in an account of the saint called the *Metrical Life*.

ROBERT GROSTÊTE was one of the most remarkable men ever connected with Lincoln. He was of humble birth, but his profound learning won the admiration of ROGER BACON. With him pure morals were inseparable from Christian faith. He endeavored to bring back the festivals of the Church, which had grown into days of idleness and debauchery, to their sacred character; he declaimed against the Feast of Fools held on New-Year's Day. With his superiors his quarrels were incessant. His allies were the new orders, the preachers, and the mendicants. In spite of all commands he refused to ordain any candidate that he considered unworthy. On one occasion GROSTÊTE received command through his nuncio to confer a canonry of Lincoln on the nephew of INNOCENT IV. In years the candidate was a boy, and GROSTÊTE, nothing daunted, refused to obey the command of the Pope. The rage of the pontiff was extreme, but he could find no means of coercing GROSTÊTE, so that the matter was finally passed over by INNOCENT'S suggesting that the wishes of his partisans had induced him to advocate a measure the expediency of which he afterward doubted. On GROSTÊTE'S death it was believed that music was heard in the air; bells of distant churches tolled of their own accord; miracles were wrought at his grave and in his church at Lincoln. But it was said likewise that the inexorable pontiff entertained the design of having his body disinterred, and his bones scattered. But ROBERT GROSTÊTE himself appeared in a vision, dressed in his pontifical robes, before the Pope. "Is it thou, Sinibald, thou miserable Pope, who wilt cast my bones out of their cemetery, to thy disgrace and that of the church of Lincoln? Woe to thee who hast despised, thou shalt be despised in thy turn!" The Pope felt as if each word pierced him like a spear. From that night he was wasted by a slow fever. The hand of God was upon him. All his schemes failed; his armies were defeated; he passed neither day nor night undisturbed. Such was believed by a large part of Christendom to have been the end of Pope INNOCENT IV.

The interest and attractions of the city of Lincoln are not, as frequently happens in cathedral towns, exclusively confined to the minster. Built on the slope of a hill, which the cathedral crowns, the city is imposing in effect, and can be seen from a very considerable distance. It is very ancient, is irregularly laid out, and contains many interesting specimens of early architecture. There are three churches dating from before the Reformation. Lincoln is the capital of the county of the same name, and is a Parliamentary and municipal borough and county of itself. It is situated on the Witham, 140 miles northwest of London by rail. Lincoln was called by the Romans *Lindum*, from which, with *Colonia* subjoined, comes the modern name.

BUTLERS AND COOKS.

A SERIOUS, and let us hope exceptional, difficulty in dinner-giving is a drunken butler. We remember a host looking anything but pleased when his inebriate domestic poured a trayful of cups filled with tea into a lady's lap in the drawing-room. Not long ago a gentleman told his new butler that he had better open a certain number of bottles of wine before a dinner party, and that when they were finished he must use his discretion. Long after the gentlemen had left the dining-room there were no signs of tea in the drawing-room; the host, therefore, went quietly down stairs to hurry the butler. He found that functionary in the anteroom engaged in gulping down Champagne out of a tumbler. "What are you doing?" said the master. "The wine you ordered was all finished, so I am using my discretion," answered the man. It is needless to say that much of the success of a dinner party depends upon the efficiency and skill of the butler—more, we are inclined to think, than most people imagine. If a butler can not always make a party go off well, he can always spoil it.

The cook, of course, is the main agent in dinner-giving. We divide cooks into two classes—those who cook carefully but moderately well every day, but can not cook artistically when there is a party, and those whose cooking is all that can be wished on any special occasion, but careless when the master and mistress are alone. Many people think the former the best sort of cooks; but, on the whole, there is much to be said for the latter, because the misery of seeing a bad dinner put before friends in one's own house is so great that some short-comings in one's every-day dinners are not to be compared to it.

There are few occasions on which a man feels at once so helpless and yet so responsible as when he sits at his own table watching a bad dinner being given to his guests. Perhaps the *entrées* are stodgy, the roasts under or over done, and the sweets rolling about, instead of standing in their dishes; an even temperature is maintained in everything—the soups, the meats, the jellies, and the puddings are all pretty equally lukewarm. And yet the unfortunate giver of the feast, utterly helpless and inwardly boiling over with wrath, has to make himself agreeable, and converse brilliantly on general topics, as if he had not a care in the world. The next morning the hostess proceeds to relieve her feelings in the housekeeper's room. With an air of injured innocence, the poor cook weeps over the fate of her excellent dinner. Everything, she says, had been cooked to perfection, but the butler and footmen kept the whole dinner waiting, and dishes which were fit to put before a king were allowed to get sodden, tepid, and spoiled in the serving-room. The hostess goes to her husband, and tells him that "he really must speak" to the butler on the subject; but before he has time to do so, the butler comes himself to complain. He had sent down again and again to the kitchen for the courses, and yet he was kept waiting. The sauces were not sent up with the things, and one man had to be employed during the greater part of dinner in running with messages to the cook. He had sometimes begun to think that she must have gone to sleep.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IT would never do to elect women to all offices. If a female sheriff should visit the residence of a handsome man and explain to his jealous wife that she had an attachment for him, there would be a vacancy in that office in about two minutes.

A school-teacher recently electrified her pupils, who were annoying her with questions: "Children, I am engaged." Noticing the general look of astonishment, she added, "But not to any fool of a man," and the excitement died away.

A wealthy manufacturer of Connecticut having built an elegant mansion, and wishing to take a second wife, said to his architect, "Which agrees best with brick and brown stone, a brunette, or a blonde?"

Mark Twain, speaking of a new mosquito netting, writes: "The day is coming when we shall sit under our nets in church and slumber peacefully, while the discomfited flies club together and take it out of the minister."

An old angler says that a fish does not suffer much pain from being hooked. Of course not. It is the thought of how his weight will be lied about that causes him anguish.

A Southwestern editor, speaking of a large and fat contemporary, remarked that if all flesh was grass, he must be a load of hay. "I expect I am," said the fat man, "from the way the donkeys are nibbling at me."

The Tay bridge is to be rebuilt. Bridget says that it should have a good draw to it in order to make it strong. She is evidently thinking of her favorite beverage, which is always to be found on the kitchen stove.

AT THE CATTLE SHOW.

YOUNG FARMER. "Are you fond of beasts, Miss Gusherton?"

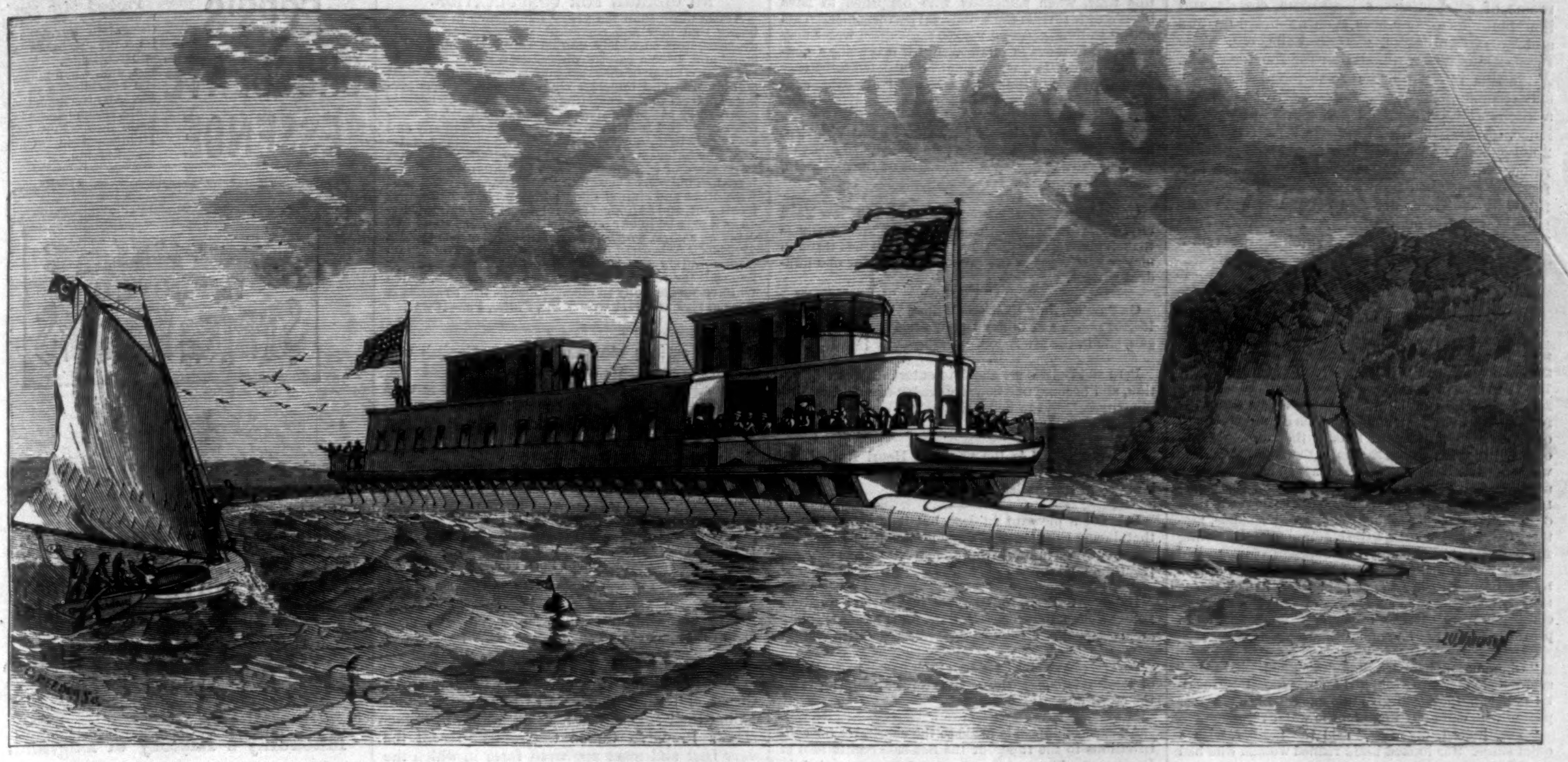
MISS GUSHERTON. "Oh, really, Mr. Pawker, if you mean that as a declaration, you must speak to mamma."

"I'm sitting on the style, Mary," is what the man said when he sat on his wife's new hat, and thought it rather a dear joke when she retorted, "Give us money, and we'll call it square."

The Rev. Mr. W—— paid his devoirs to a lady who was prepossessed in favor of a Mr. Psalter. Her partiality being very evident, the former took occasion to ask, in a room full of company, "Pray, miss, how far have you got in your Psalter?" The lady archly replied, "As far as 'Blessed is the man.'"

EMPTY HONORS.

DOG-DAYS.—Drawn by S. G. McCutcheon.



THE NEW STEAM-CATAMARAN "HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.

THE STEAM-CATAMARAN.

"I'll give them rapid transit," said Commodore Voorhis to a reporter the other day. "I'll take people down from Nyack to New York [a distance of twenty-seven miles] in one hour, and run away from everything on the river that is driven with steam." To accomplish this purpose the Commodore has built a monster steam-catamaran, which is one of the strangest-looking vessels afloat. The boat consists of two iron cylinders, shaped like immense cigars, sharp at both ends, and 200 feet in length. These are nine feet apart, and on them rests a deck 125 feet long, like that of an ordinary ferry-boat. Each cylinder has four bulk-heads and five air-tight compartments. Just aft the midship section, in the centre of the boat, is an eight-flanged screw, with a dip of two feet eight inches. The screw, instead of being submerged, as are the propellers of all swift craft, is nearly one-half out of water. The tops of the flanges project above the flooring of the main-deck. The plane of the screw, also, instead of being at right angles with the plane of the water, makes an acute angle with it. Commodore Voorhis believes this will serve to raise her over the water, and thus decrease the displacement and consequent resistance. He has, he thinks, found a means of greatly increasing the speed of his boat by increasing the buoyancy, and at the same time decreasing the resistance.

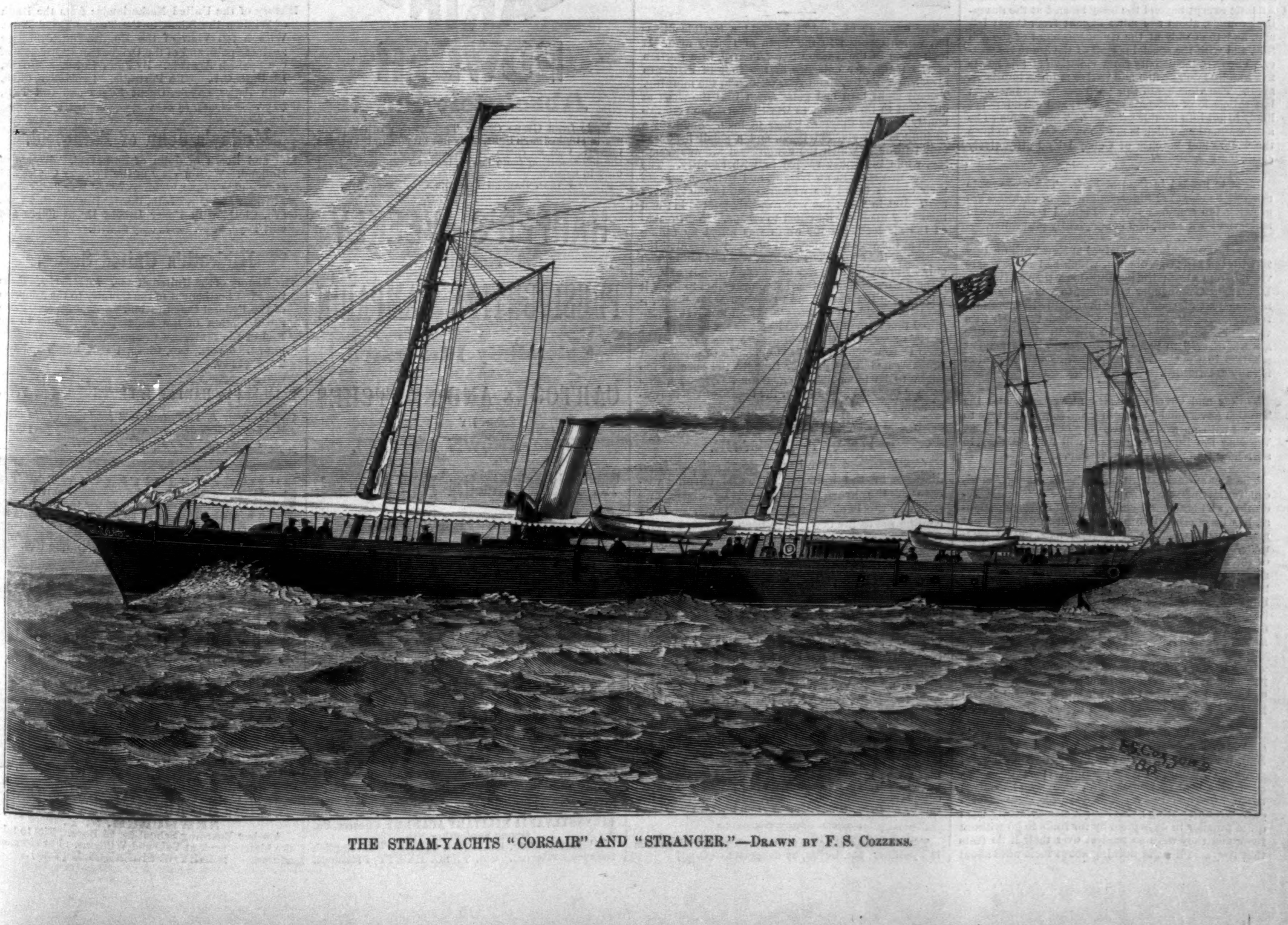
There are two engines, of the "balance" order. The steam, instead of entering the cylinder head, passing down the piston one-third of the way, and leaving it to the expansion to drive the piston home, enters in the centre of the cylinder, and forces the two pistons in opposite directions. The engines are of 500 horse-power, and there will be a displacement of only seventy-five tons. It is expected that the screw will make 250 or 300 revolutions a minute. There is a safety boiler, nine feet in diameter, containing 750 feet of two-inch pipe, inside coil. The weight of the entire vessel, including cylinders, is forty-three tons. This, it is said, will leave a carrying capacity of 475 passengers. It is said that no vessel afloat has more than one-third of the power per ton of displacement that this vessel has. The new craft is named the *Henry W. Longfellow*, in honor of the distinguished poet.

NEW STEAM-YACHTS.

Great interest has been awakened in the yachting circles of New York by the arrival here of the new steam-yachts the *Corsair* and the *Stranger*, owned respectively by Mr. J. C. Osborn and Mr. George Osgood. These elegant vessels are very nearly alike in design and construction, and their tonnage and dimensions are almost exactly the same. They are both schooner-rigged, with hulls remarkable for beauty, grace, and delicacy of lines. They are 185 feet long, 24 feet beam, 11 feet hold, and of $247\frac{40}{100}$ tons measurement. The *Corsair's* engine is of 170 indicated horse-power. It is like an English compound engine with improvements, is very compact, and is a beautiful piece of machinery. The high-pressure cylinder is of 24 inches diameter, and has 24-inch stroke. The low-pressure cylinder is 44 inches in diameter. There are two tubular boilers of 11 feet diameter, $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet long. There is one iron collision bulk-head, and four water-tight compartments. The engines and boilers are cased in by iron bulk-heads. She carries forty-four tons of coal, and in all probability will use about ten tons in twenty-four hours under full steam. A steam-windlass, two steering apparatuses, electric bells, and other modern improvements are part of her equipment. The propeller is a graduated screw of 11 feet diameter and 13 feet pitch. There are four boats on deck—three of wood, one of iron.

The hatch combings and joiner-work on deck are of mahogany, and the brass-work is profuse and tasteful. Below, everything is in mahogany and cherry, with tiled floorings, and ceilings picked out in exquisite taste in light, delicate colors and graceful designs. The interior decorations are extremely elegant. The main saloon is 10 by 18 feet. It is upholstered in raw silk and plush, with black and old gold as predominating colors. A handsome fire-place, with a mantel of odd design in Eastlake style, is opposite the companion-way. A large sideboard is on each side, the two spaces between at each end being filled by divans richly covered.

The principal state-room is large and roomy. It is on the starboard side, and is about twenty feet long, divided into two rooms by a crimson velvet plush curtain. There are three other state-



THE STEAM-YACHTS "CORSAIR" AND "STRANGER."—Drawn by F. S. Cozzens.

rooms of smaller size, a bath-room, closets, and innumerable conveniences such as steam-heaters and steam-ventilators, electric bells, etc. The forecastle has accommodation for fourteen men. After this is the officers' mess-room, with their state-rooms opening off. Abaft of this, again, is a kitchen that is a model and marvel of convenience. Under its tiled floor is a tank containing 2000 gallons of water. The wine closet, refrigerator, state-rooms, and other auxiliaries are perfect, and space has been economized to a wonderful degree. There are two companionways connecting with the main saloon. The principal one opens upon a social hall and smoking-room on a level with the quarter-deck.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE recent terrible disaster in the Risca Colliery, near Newport, in Monmouthshire, Wales, is not the first that has occurred in that mine. On December 1, 1860, a reckless miner in that mine uncovered his lamp for the purpose of lighting his pipe. An explosion followed this violation of rules which caused the death of about 142 men. At the time of the late explosion, on July 15, there were 119 men in the mine, and there was no probability of rescuing any one alive. The scene in the vicinity of the colliery when the catastrophe became known may be better imagined than described—wives bewailing the fate of husbands, mothers seeking their sons, little children pitifully asking for their fathers, and only one hopeless answer could be made. It is believed that the explosion was caused by lightning striking the winding-gear at the top of the shaft. If so, such an accident was beyond human control, and no careless miner can be blamed, as in previous disasters of a similar kind.

"Oh, mamma, isn't Mr. St. John a good, kind man," said a little eight-year-old girl on the Floating Hospital to her mother, "to give this excursion to the poor people who can't pay to go on the water?"

"Yes, indeed, my dear," said the mother, with a quiet smile. She looked like a refined woman who had "seen better days."

"I hope I'll see him some day, and tell him how much I thank him," continued the little one.

"I hope not for a long time," said the mother, still smiling, though a tear came in her eye.

"Why not, mamma?" But the mother made no answer.

This little conversation was overheard amid the throng of nearly one thousand sick and feeble mothers and children who were taken into the lower bay the other day for fresh air. These excursions of the Floating Hospital of St. John's Guild are given on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays of each week. Tickets are given by physicians to those poor mothers who have sick little ones, if the disease from which they are suffering is not a contagious one. An abundance of good food and pure milk is furnished to all. It is marvellous to watch the change that spreads over wan faces as the fresh air instills new life into many wasted bodies. The babies begin to enjoy themselves, and grow gleeful, to the wonder of the mothers who thought them almost past help. Such a charity deserves full support.

The Manhattan Beach Company offer a reward of two hundred dollars for the detection and conviction of every person violating the law in respect to throwing refuse or garbage into the New York Bay until October 1. The law forbids the dumping of street-sweepings, garbage, or any such refuse into the bay at any time, nor can such rubbish be dumped into the Atlantic except beyond the buoy located at the dumping grounds, about five miles distant from Coney Island, and then only at the commencement of the ebb tide, and with the special permit of the Shore Inspector. The extreme penalty for a violation of this law is five hundred dollars fine and twelve months imprisonment. The violators of this law have been numerous; but things look different just now, and offenders are likely to get into trouble promptly. There seems to be a determination, which is most commendable, to keep the waters and beaches of Coney Island attractively clean.

Light is needed in Central Park. The cross-roads can not be closed at night, and deeds of darkness are growing too common there. Lighted roadways will make the Park safer, and consequently pleasanter.

The steam-ship *Dessoug* arrived at New York on July 20 with the Egyptian obelisk, which had made a safe voyage from Alexandria in a little more than five weeks. Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe, to whom the engineering feat of transporting the Needle to this country was committed, has accomplished the task in a way to reflect much credit on himself. It will yet be a work of skill to place the obelisk in its permanent position in the Central Park, when its exact location is fully determined.

Turkey and Greece are still at variance, and the Turkish government is making active preparations to defend with an army the territory claimed by Greece. Whether the European powers will force Turkey to surrender this territory is uncertain.

The first annual exhibition of the Society of American Taxidermists will be held in Rochester next December. This society, which is in all respects national, has been recently organized, and is designed not merely for the benefit of professionals, but of amateurs. Many well-known taxidermists are members of the society. Specimens of various classes will be received by the local committee for the coming exhibition, and may be placed on sale if desired. It is intended that these exhibitions shall create in the public a just and proper appreciation of taxidermy as a fine art, and thus place it upon the footing of a dignified and remunerative profession.

The trustees of the Peabody London Homes have just bought nine acres of land in Glasshouse Street, and design to cover this with buildings which will probably provide homes for ten thousand persons.

From all the developments that have been made since Dr. Tanner commenced his fast in Clarendon Hall, it seems that fasting is a very common thing—and *long* fasting. From the misty past there has emerged a host of remarkable people who have lived twenty, forty, sixty—yes, and one even eighty-four—days without eating! In fact, it has evidently been quite popular in days gone by for folks to go without food, and they were so modest over their little feats that they said little or nothing about them until about this time, when somebody who happened to have known of it reveals the wonderful performance. This ability to live—yes, and "grow fat"—upon water may be useful in times of famine. But if it is really a comfortable condition, we can not be expected to be very sympathetic with the tramp who has "not eaten anything since yesterday."

A little hotel is already begun on Mount Vesuvius, and in a few months visitors who glide up so easily on the new railway may spend the night on the mountain, and see the sun rise.

Only about 2500 water-meters are used in New York city. The first cost of the meters is the great obstacle to their general introduction. Water furnished through meters is charged at the rate of one cent for one hundred gallons.

On Sunday, July 18, it was estimated that there were 150,000 persons at Coney Island when the concerts began, late in the afternoon.

Peru and Bolivia are about to enter into a confederation, and become one country, under one flag and one government, and to be known as the United States of Peru and Bolivia.

L'Intransigeant is the name of Henri Rochefort's new journal, of which 198,000 copies were sold on the first day of its publication.

It is not a pleasant subject, but it is a fact stated, that during the month of June no less than 3605 dead animals were removed from the streets of this city and from the pound.

Hanover College, Indiana, has just decided to admit young women to its classes on the same terms as young men.

Several physicians have sent their names to the Board of Health as being willing to receive appointment on the night medical service staff.

An earnest appeal is made to the charitable for contributions to the funds of the Sea-side Sanitarium at Rockaway. The extreme heat and the unusual sickness prevailing in tenement-houses have caused multitudes to seek the benefits of the sea-air. Within two days 1150 invalids—adults and children—were received, and the managers were reluctantly compelled to turn away many whom they would gladly have received, because accommodations were lacking. This is a charity worthy to be sustained.

The dog census has been taken in Brooklyn. It is 10,232. That is too much by about 10,000.

Some offending captains have been arrested for illegal dumping by the expedition organized by Mr. Austen Corbin. There seemed little doubt that people wearied and faint with the heat of the city would soon go somewhere else for refreshment, if at Coney Island they encountered, in the water and out of it, the disgusting refuse and garbage from New York. Offenders were caught dumping contrary to law, and were promptly arrested. Whatever reasons were given for such violations of law did not alter the disagreeable results—and there should be no reasons for such violations; it should be entirely unallowable.

The School of Philosophy opened at Concord, Massachusetts, with over twenty-five pupils entered for the full term, and a promise of a large attendance upon special courses of lectures. The new chapel will seat about two hundred persons, and the boarding-houses of the little town have ample accommodations for guests.

The morning of July 21 brought a terrible disaster, which resulted in the death of twenty men. It took place in the Hudson River Tunnel, in a portion of the temporary entrance at the foot of Fifteenth Street, Jersey City, about four o'clock in the morning. Twenty-eight men had gone down into the shaft at midnight to their work, as work is carried on continuously there by different gangs of men. Suddenly a rushing sound startled them, and a small leak was found through which the compressed air was escaping, while the water rushed in with rapidity. The danger was seen in an instant, and the men tore off their clothes to fill the widening gap in the tunnel's roof. But in vain; the water swiftly poured in; and then they made a wild effort to escape. Eight reached the air lock, but the ninth was killed by falling earth at the very entrance, and his body prevented the closing of the door. The air lock was fast filling, and only by breaking the glass disks which admitted light—for the outside door resisted all attempts to force it open—were the seven able to escape from the fast-following flood. The others were all lost. It is supposed that a small neglected leak was the cause of this terrible accident. One man always was expected to keep close watch for the least evidence of a leak, but probably he left his post, or thought the opening too slight to be immediately dangerous. Arrangements were at once made to recover the bodies of the drowned men.

HEART DISEASE.

Gentlemen,—I have been a great sufferer from diseases of the kidneys, liver, and chronic disease of the heart, accompanied by distressing pains in the back and head. So much so as to confine me to my bed; have been for years under the treatment of our best physicians. Your advertisement came to my notice, and I procured a bottle of the Constitution Water, and following your directions, I have been able to attend to business ever since, and at present I am in the enjoyment of my former health, and now use no other medicine. I assure you it gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefits I have received from the use of it, and cheerfully recommend it to all persons afflicted with the like diseases. Very truly, THOMAS BISHOP,
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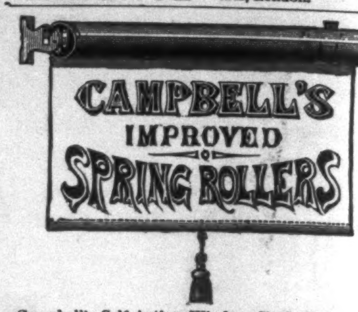

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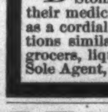

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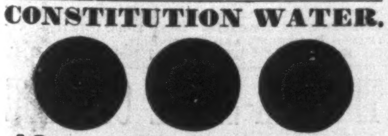

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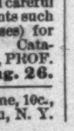

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